

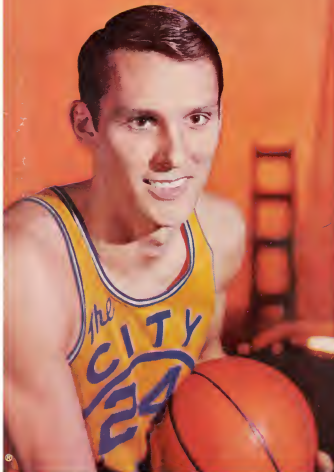
# Sports Illustrated

CLAY-TERRELL | FIGHT STORY

FEBRUARY 13, 1967 40 CENTS

**RICK BARRY**

San Francisco's new idol



*The Rocket Action Cars are out front again!*



Enjoy fine-car quality and luxury  
without paying the fine-car premium.

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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## Hennessy & Soda The end of the boring highball

For most Americans, the business end of a highball has always been whiskey in one form or another. The same drinks, year after year.

Now Americans are discovering a combination that cracks the routine. Hennessy and soda. The most non-boring highball you've never had.

Great straight, too... in traveling half pint



Hennessy Cognac Brandy • 80 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

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## Next week

**HIGH RISER** Bob Seagren has pole-vaulted farther into the indoor sky than anyone else. The personable Californian, John Underwood writes, aspires to yet greater heights.

**GRENOBLE'S ICY TRAILS** are reported by Bob Ottum as the World Bobsled Championships are held on the controversial concrete run built for next winter's Olympic Games.

**NEW MEXICO'S SURPRISE** is snow. Rising up out of its desert are mountains that provide some of the best skiing in the country. Their sunlit charms are described by Fred Smith.





## There's a bit of the beast in every bug.

It doesn't take much to unleash the savage fury of a Volkswagen.

Take almost any old VW, replace the body, make a few simple adjustments, and you've got a Formula Vee racer.

How can a mild-mannered, practical, everyday Volkswagen convert so easily into something so delightfully impractical?

In the words of the Formula Vee International Manual: "Volkswagen components

seem to have been made expressly for use in a racing car."

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"Its rugged construction provides a power plant which seems to be practically indestructible, even at racing speeds."

"Operating costs are amazingly low.

One set of tires will ordinarily last more than a season and one oil change a year is sufficient."

It seems that the same things that make the VW a sensible car for people who aren't in any particular hurry to get somewhere also make the Formula Vee a sensible car for people who are in a big hurry to get nowhere.



# Warson Manor for the young man who's going places

...and cares how he looks when he gets there!

Be a Warson Manor Man and watch things happen. Easy natural shoulder styling wins admiring glances.

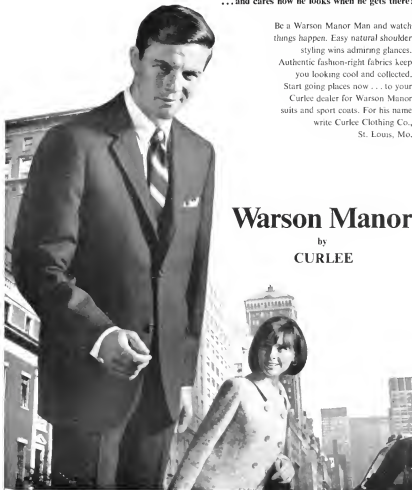
Authentic fashion-right fabrics keep you looking cool and collected.

Start going places now ... to your

Curlee dealer for Warson Manor suits and sport coats. For his name write Curlee Clothing Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## Warson Manor

by  
**CURLEE**





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If you enjoy a sporting competition, join us in Canada and help us celebrate at these and the many other 1967 Centennial Year events.

Apr. 28 - Oct. 27 EXPO 67, MONTREAL, greatest international exhibition in history with magnificent display pavilions representing over 70 nations — sports championships tournaments, events, spectacles.  
May 24 - Sept. 2 3,200-mile TOYAGLER CANOE RACE AND PAGEANT — Canadian Rockies to Expo 67 in Montreal  
June - July PAN-AMERICAN GAMES TRIALS — Hamilton, Ont.  
July 22 - Aug. 7 PAN-AMERICAN GAMES — Winnipeg, Manitoba  
July 6 - 15 up to 33 nations competing  
CALGARY CENTENNIAL STAMPEDE — Calgary, Alberta, Europe and Asia invited

## MAJOR EVENTS: FEBRUARY-MARCH 1967

**February**  
Curling — Can. Schoolboy Curling Championships — Pin Point, Manitoba, Feb. 28-29  
Hockey — N.H.L. schedule — Toronto, Ottawa & Montreal, Québec  
Power Toboggan Races — Canadian Championships — Beauport, Quebec, Feb. 21-26  
Skating — Canadian Speed Skating Finals — Winnipeg, Manitoba — Feb. 18-19  
Skating — North American Figure Skating Championships — Montreal, Québec — Feb. 19-22  
Skiing — International Junior Ski Championships — Banff, Alberta  
Skiing — Centennial International Ski Jumping Competition — Camp Fortune, Québec — Feb. 27-27  
Winter Games — 1st Canadian — Indoor & Outdoor — Mount St. Anne and Québec City, Québec — Feb. 11-15

**March**  
University Olympiad with Canadian and U.S. students — Edmonton & Calgary, Alberta — Mar. 6-11  
Badminton — World Championships — Europe and Asia Rep. — Toronto, Ontario  
Curling — Dominion Curling Championships — Ottawa, Ontario, Mar. 19-23  
Curling — International Bonspiel — Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Mar. 28-25  
Figure Skating — World Championships — Toronto, Ontario  
Hockey — Canadian International Minor Tournament — Cdn. Amateur Hockey Assoc. — Kingston, Ontario, Mar. 26-27  
Skating — North American Championships — Toronto, Ontario  
Skating — Canadian Indoor Speed Skating Championships — Fort St. John, British Columbia, Mar. 23-25

For more information on Canada and our Centennial Year, write: Centennial Commission, P.O. Box 1967, Ottawa, Canada.





# Zing!..

***This year, have some fun . . .*** Switch on your eight track Lear Jet stereo tape player (it's standard equipment), plug in the RCA tape cartridge, tune up the soft, swinging sound, lean back in your sunbather seat (it's standard) check the gauge on your 18 gallon gas tank, throw on your running lights, set your convertible top up or down (they're all standard). Then **ZING! POWER ON**—it roars to life . . . you move out smartly in Larson's 17-foot Volero 177.

***Slice through waves . . .*** You ride on a million little bubbles . . . slice through waves and wakes

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A lot of boat . . . a lot for your money. Value you can see, touch, use. Compare Larson against any other brand. We urge you to check the price/value/quality ratio. Outboard: \$1495 complete (FOB without engine) or Comboard \$3575 with 120 hp Mercruiser engine.



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and the like. Others you could be using for gas tanks, dash panels, consoles, inner door panels, fender liners and similar new applications. What else? Most anything. Chemicals. Foams. Brake and radiator fluids. Rubber lubricants. Fuel and lubricant additives. Magnesium. Fabricated aluminum. Textile fibers. Something we missed? Tell us about it. We're all ears. Our automotive plastics and chemi-

cals research facilities are among the world's finest. And our capability with magnesium is second to none. As a closing thought, please keep in mind where we are, Midland, Michigan. Just 125 miles or so away from Detroit. With all the time- and money-savings budget directors love. Talk with our Detroit sales office. They're at 444-1000. And let us help you gear-up. The Dow Chemical Company, Midland, Michigan.

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## Cat Nip.

Bengal Gin. Imported (and undomesticated)  
Keep it behind bars. Yours. Errrr! 94 Proof.

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(and Avis won't let you get hot under the collar finding it.)



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So give your travel agent or airline a call. Tell them to have Avis get a car ready for your arrival.

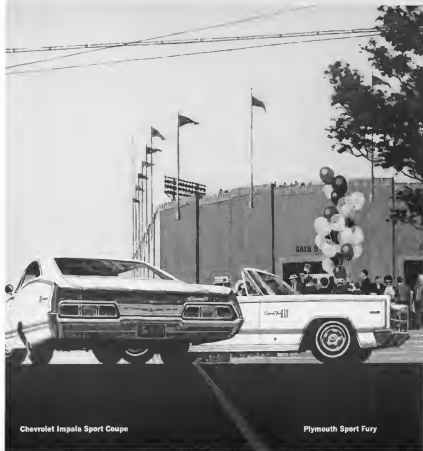
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Ambassador DPL

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Chevrolet Impala Sport Coupe

Plymouth Sport Fury

## Ford, General Motors, American Motors, and Chrysler (with Budd-built parts)

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leading cars with quality components\* made by Budd.

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# DON'T FORGET... EVERY LITTER BIT HURTS

Dad! Mom! Please... Lead the way to the litter basket. Use car litter-bags, too. Make it a family project to keep streets, highways litter-free.

## KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

## FOOTLOOSE

It may be a 'spare end' of Maine, but Grand Lake Stream has beauty to spare

This remote Township [Grand Lake Stream, Me.] may seem to the casual visitor like one of the spare ends of our country. . . . A historian named Minnie Atkinson used this candid description in the foreword to her book *Huckleberry Township or Grand Lake Stream Plantation*, published 47 years ago. But if you were to put Minnie's words to a native of this tiny village in Maine's Down-Easternmost Washington County today, you might get the following description:

"Spare? Depends. Might call the village itself spare. Kinda shy on people all right—native population's 'bout 250—and on business establishments. Let's see, there's Harold Adams' store, and there's Paul Hoar's store, and then there's the salmon hatchery. Used to have the biggest tannery in the world, but it closed back in '58. Not much else around the village. Ain't even got our own historical society for the summer people. But if you want big woods or clean air or fishin' water or loons, why we got more 'n enough of them to spare."

Fishing water is what brings most visitors to this far corner of Maine, and the village of Grand Lake Stream is nearly swash in it. From ice-out in early spring until the end of the delightful fall, anglers from all over the country come to try for landlocked salmon, smallmouth bass, lake trout (the natives call them "togas") and brook trout.

Although the best month is June, when the salmon are on top and the bass can be taken on the spawning beds (with single-hook lures only), the fishing continues to be good throughout the season. Registered Maine guides in this area get \$20 a day (the price includes canoe, motor and gas) and are famous for their cookout lunches of T-bone steak, boiled potatoes, homemade bread, fresh berry pie and strong black tea cooked over "dn-ki" (driftwood) fires. You can also have your morning's catch filleted, rolled in cornmeal and fried in spitting-hot oil. The firm, white meat of the small but game white perch is particularly delicious done this way.

The fact that Grand Lake Stream (and all of Washington County) is so well known for its outstanding fishing and hunting doesn't rule it out as an ideal family-vacation spot. A number of lodges (not to be confused with rough sporting camps) in the area cater to vacationing anglers and their families. One such is Leen's Lodge on West Grand Lake. Owned by Stan Leen, a Bangor industrialist, and his wife, Barb, the lodge offers fishing as well as sailing, water-skiing, swimming, canoeing and hiking on quiet woods roads and trails. Leen's comfortable cabins all have lake views, and the

rates are reasonable—American plan, with three hearty meals, is \$18 a day for adults, \$10 for children under 10. The atmosphere is casual, and organized activities are kept to a minimum. There are steak cookouts on Saturdays at a wooded cove up the lake, and even the most serious fishermen come off the lake to join in, possibly because Stan Leen serves an excellent rum punch called the "Grand Lake Special."

Perhaps the best way to get to know this still unspoiled country is to take a leisurely day's canoe trip down one of the many streams around Grand Lake Stream. Paddling quietly down the Little River, for example, through beaver flowages and "pugs" (dead-water stretches), you may surprise a beaver working on its dam or a muskrat having lunch on its feeding bed. Hen sheldrakes and their fledglings snorkel for minnows in the shallows, and bald eagles soar high above the tall pines and spruce. In the evening loons cry hauntingly back and forth, and the lucky canoeist may be able to photograph a moose wallowing chest-deep in the river.

For a change of pace from the quiet woods, you can always drive to the rocky Maine coast in an hour or so. Benchmarking is popular all along Washington County's 700 miles of rugged coastline, and charter boats at Jonesport, Cutler and Eastport will take you fishing for mackerel and pollock. There are several good golf courses, including the scenic Algonquin at St. Andrews just over the New Brunswick border.

If the family escaping from automobiles and trains, telephones, city smog, taxes, groups and business luncheons may find that once it discovers Grand Lake Stream, it will not want to leave until the last minute of the last day. Thomas J. Hall, a retired Air Force colonel who has spent seven summers with his wife in a cottage on Greenlawn Chopping Island in Big Lake, puts it this way: "We've toured and fished in 49 states, but this is the place we come back to. The people here have a lot to do with it. They just don't come more down-to-earth."

He meant people like Leslie Williams, a young (23) guide who gets as big a thrill out of seeing a five-pound salmon caught or surprising an otter sliding down a muddy riverbank as his clients do. People like Harold Adams, whose store in Grand Lake Stream stocks many effective fly patterns for landlocked salmon. The fishing season was almost over when one customer stopped in. All Mr. Adams had left were three patterns—all of them brown. Looking over the skimpy selection, the visitor asked which fly was the best for salmon.

"Any one," Mr. Adams replied with a straight face, "as long as there's some brown in it."

The visitor knew better, but he bought three brown flies anyway. Only a heartless, humorless soul could turn down a Down East sales pitch like that.

—DUNCAN BARNES



...at push parties in Morocco



...in London's switched-on night scene

...with skis-the limit skiers

**Today's Haig**  
-for today's taste-

...with the  
movers in  
Manhattan



...with the  
aquanauts in  
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...with smooth swingers

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# EXPLORE!

Light up a  
taste of  
adventure

MADEIRA  
MIXTURE



Excitingly new, surprisingly different aromatic pipe tobacco!

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## SHOPWALK

If you build a better walking stick, people will stroll along a pathway to your door

Don Kooker, a country boy from Bucks County, Pa., never built a better mousetrap and probably wouldn't have if he could have. Don never liked the idea of a lot of people beating a pathway to his door. "I didn't want all the headaches of big business," he once said when an enterprise of his threatened to grow too big. But Kooker just couldn't help thinking of ways to do things better. One day when he was walking through the Pennsylvania countryside, breathing the clean spring air and swinging the broomstick he always carried as a cane, it occurred to him that he might make a real walking stick out of a piece of walnut he had at home. He could shape it and polish it and maybe give it a silver tip, he thought, and then he could swing it with real bravado as he strolled along.

So that's what Kooker did. And then a friend asked him to make another just like it, and Don did that. And before long, there he was in a new business—Bucks County Walking Sticks.

When he started in 1964, Kooker was putting the sticks out in lots of 10. By the end of 1965 the lots were bigger and he had delivered over 6,000 to prestige stores all over the U.S., stores like Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman-Marcus, Abercrombie & Fitch.

Having five men to help, Kooker set up shop in earnest in his two-car garage at Point Pleasant, Pa. By now the list of celebrities who stroll with Bucks County Walking Sticks reads like a political roll call: President Lyndon Baines Johnson, Vice-President Hubert Humphrey, ex-Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania, Senator Edward Kennedy, former Presidents Eisenhower and Truman.

His and hers sets have gone to Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Paar and other television familiars. Kooker's most treasured endorsement was "commanded to be written" last year by Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, the sweetest stroller of all.

Kooker's sticks are all walnut, hand-polished to a rich brown luster and topped with a sterling disk bearing the Kooker coat of arms. The longest sticks come in 46-inch (He-Man Staff), 43-inch (Stallion Stick) and 40-inch (Sire's Scepter) lengths. Shorter sticks (Cock-of-the-Walk, The Wanderlust and Woodland Nymph) measure 37 inches, 34 inches and 31 inches respectively. Sticks cost \$40 without initials, and \$45 with.

Those who have them are happy, but Don Kooker isn't. "The business," he sighs, "is gotten too big. If I find the right buyer I'd as soon sell out."

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

# Your Ford Dealer has more than 20 sound systems for your car.

(Let him give you an earful)

Sound is an ever-changing kaleidoscope. It can be red-hot in excitement . . . picture the green coolness of spring . . . be anything you want. Your Ford Dealer can give you the sound you love best . . . in your car.

He has radios to the smoothness and fullness of Stereo FM. Or, if you

have strong personal preferences . . . see him about a Stereo-Sonic unit. You can select from tape cartridges for music from opera to Dixieland to symphonies to your favorite "Eva."

And, for those who have to "see" their sound . . . he has a 9-inch portable TV for back-seat viewing.

He has sound systems for business, too. Two-way radios can keep you tied to home base wherever you are. For the ultimate in mobility, try our handy walkie-talkie.

For everything in sound systems, your Ford Dealer is a musical maestro.



# SCORECARD

## NO HELLO FOR DOLLY

South Africa has given its Non-white Sportsman of the Year award to Basil D'Oliveira, a Cape Colored or mulatto cricketer who now regularly plays for England. Nonetheless, Pieter Le Roux, South Africa's minister of the interior, has stated that D'Oliveira will not be admitted to South Africa if, as appears certain, he is picked for the English team scheduled to tour there next year. After some shilly-shallying, the Marylebone Cricket Club, which administers the sport in England, stated that if Dolly (as D'Oliveira is called) or any other English player were denied admission, "MCC would find such an attitude wholly unacceptable, and the projected tour would be abandoned."

In the meantime, the sponsors of next month's match between Barbados and the rest of the world canceled invitations to three white South African cricketers, terming Dolly's rejection an "uncompromising expression of policy repugnant to all West Indians."

The only light on such a somber subject is the memory of one English cricket fan from last summer, when Dolly was scoring well off the feared bowling of the West Indies' Gary Sobers. Cried a cheerful West Indian from the crowd: "Sobers, you fool, man. Take no notice of his color."

A final note: Le Roux would seem to deserve an award, too—White Non-sportsman of the Year.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE 1:44.9

On June 10, 1966 in Terre Haute, Ind. Jim Ryan ran a half mile in 1:44.9—.2 under the world record. Cause for rejoicing, or at least so one would think, yet Bob Timmons, Ryan's coach, was "concerned": Ryan had run the race in the United States Track and Field Federation Championships, and the AAU, which has the sole authority to approve records set in America, is bitterly at odds with the USTFF, which is aligned with the AAU's archenemy, the NCAA.

However, the Terre Haute meet had been declared legal by the arbitration board formed as a result of a Senate hearing on the NCAA-AAU dispute. (Legal, in this instance, means that the two parties agreed temporarily to set aside their differences.) The AAU recognized Ryan's time as an American record, and it was sent to the International Amateur Athletic Federation in London for certification as a world record.

But the IAAF returned the four-page application to the AAU. According to IAAF Secretary Donald Pain, it was "not in order." Pain declined to comment on what was out of order. Last week in New York, Colonel Donald Hull, the executive director of the AAU, was equally reticent. When a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reporter asked whether he might see the application, Hull replied, "No, I'm sorry. You can't see it." When the reporter asked Hull if he could tell him, then, what was wrong with it, Hull replied, "No, I'm sorry. I can't tell you." All Hull would say was, "The application will be resubmitted to the IAAF for its next meeting in April, and we expect at that time it will be accepted."

These absurdly mysterious goings-on give one pause. Are the athletes' performances the *raison d'être* for the organizations, or is it the other way around?

## TWO TWICE

Avis may advertise it's No. 2, but this is too much. Teams representing the Pittsburgh Hertz and Avis agencies met in a basketball game last week, and Hertz won 96-54. At least no one said Avis didn't try hard enough.

## RACING COLORS

The color orange should never be used at a racetrack, says Dr. Deborah Sharpe, a New York psychologist who is redecorating three Ontario tracks—Greenwood, Woodbine and Fort Erie. Orange, it seems, is disconcerting, stirs human tempers and is thus a distraction to wagering. Red is ideal for the area where

mutuel tickets are sold, being an optimistic color that stimulates action—but, on the other hand, too much red can cause nervousness and irritability.

"Black is also one of our most stimulating colors—a fact long known by lingerie manufacturers," Dr. Sharpe told a meeting of the National Association of Canadian Race Tracks last week. "I would not hesitate to do an all black-and-white track under certain conditions. Pink would go over great, too, but the mere mention is enough to give a track owner apoplexy."

Alas, Dr. Sharpe said nothing about the bettor's favorite shade—long green.

## ARBITERS OF FASHION

At the behest of the American League, Umpire-in-chief Cal Hubbard and his 20 men in blue forgerather in Boston last week. At the end of the two-day conference it was announced that with the exception of the plate umpire all personnel may remove their coats on hot days. What constitutes a hot day? That will be determined by a majority vote of the three umpires affected.

The authorized undergarment will be a long-sleeved, sky-blue shirt, which is



one reason why the plate umpire must continue to sweat it out—according to a league spokesman, "a sky-blue background might disconcert the pitcher." The other reason is that if the plate umpire were in his shirt sleeves, he would have no place to keep extra baseballs.

Although National League umpires have worn short-sleeved shirts for several years, the American League selected long sleeves because several umpires—reportedly Hank Soar and Frank Unon

continued

# You could pay \$15 more— and not see or feel the difference

If you think you have to pay \$30 for a pair of shoes to get good looks, good fit, and long wear, you're the man we want.

We have a promise we think you'll like:

We believe that you'll get more comfort, fit, appearance, and wear from Roblees—dollar for dollar—than shoes costing much more.

Why?  
Simple.

Roblee runs the full range of styles for every taste—from up-to-the-minute fashions to the true classic wings and plain toes.

Or a handsome compromise, like the sleek black slip-on shown (the Roblee Claymont, about \$16).

Comfort?

Roblee comes on strong with flexible soles; soft, premium leathers; cushions under the heels that take the shock out of hard pavement.

You get a little more if you buy \$30 shoes. Of course.

But what you get couldn't feel any better on your feet than Roblees.

It's a promise.

Brown Shoe Company,  
St. Louis.



Leather shoes to support



**Roblee**  
**\$15 to \$22**  
(most styles)

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### SCORECARD *Continued*

were among them—have hairy, muscular arms and, the league source revealed, "They were concerned that the fans might refer to them as apes."

Finally, it was announced that Umpire Emmett Ashford has permission to wear French cuffs.

### THE TIES THAT BIND

Michigan State and Notre Dame had a basketball game at South Bend last week. With the score 65-65, a minute to go and Michigan State's ball, the Spartans went into a freeze, playing for the last shot, while the Notre Dame cheering section roared: "They're playing for a tie!" With five seconds left, Michigan State shot and missed. Its coach, John Benington, crossed the court, shook hands with Notre Dame Coach Johnny Dee, and said: "All right, we've got a tie. Let's all go home." And, arm in arm, they began to stroll off the court. P.S. Michigan State won in overtime, 85-80.

### FINNEGAN'S FAKE

Michael O'Reilly Finnegan, 28, father of four and sales rep for a company that sells gym equipment, has a secret. Promise not to tell his wife Sandra or his father Hugh, who also happens to be his boss, and Finnegan will own up. He's the mysterious ringer who last November quarterbacked the North Central College jayvees to a 12-6 win over the University of Chicago football class—and broke his collarbone. To this day, Sandra and Hugh believe Finnegan broke it while visiting a customer. And so, in a way, he did, but not by tripping over a bench, which is what he told them.

Finnegan's fake began while he was calling on Ralph McAlister, North Central's athletic director and one of Finnegan's customers. McAlister was on the phone telling Wally Haas, the University of Chicago football instructor, that he was going to have to call the game off, since North Central was down to one quarterback, the varsity regular.

"I'll play quarterback for you," said Finnegan, who had been a defensive halfback at Iowa Wesleyan. "What the heck, it won't make any difference," said McAlister, and promptly got Haas's O.K. "Not so fast," said Finnegan. "You must promise ..."

"I told him to call straight running plays," McAlister recalls. "Nothing fancy. Just hand the ball off and get out

*continued*

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of the way." But early in the game Finnegan dropped back and threw a pass—and completed it. After that, there was no stopping him. He completed five out of 15, one for a two-yard touchdown. "He got excited," McAlister says. However, in the third quarter the pass rush began to reach Finnegan. "I noticed he was getting up slower," McAlister says. "And then he complained of a sore shoulder."

Last week Michael O'Reilly Finnegan made a full confession. "Football has always been a bone of contention in my marriage," he said. "I'm a football nut. I was married in college and had a child, but still I played. It would have been all right, I suppose, if I had been an athlete, but I was terrible. George Plimpton could have beaten me out. My wife just thought it was stupid and irresponsible for a grown man with a family to risk injury playing a game he wasn't much good at."

"Now Sandra is about to have our fifth child, and I break my collarbone. How? Playing football. I knew she would never understand. She saved my life—literally saved my life. I was in such agony, and she tended me night and day for a week until I was well enough to go back to work. But I've learned my lesson. I've matured. It came to me when I felt the pain and I began to think of how I was going to explain the injury. Then I thought—heck, this wasn't Jay Berwanger who cut me down, but some kid from the University of Chicago football class, and I was humiliated."

#### AROUND THE BEND

A good deal of credit for the Administration's decision last week to abandon the proposed dams in the Grand Canyon must go to the Sierra Club, which, ironically, lost its tax-exempt status by running full-page ads asking the public to protest the despoliation of the canyon (SI, July 18, 1966).

Although it is appealing the IRS ruling, the Sierra Club once again went to the people with full-page ads last month, this time to urge support for a redwood national park. "We certainly feel we have the privilege to use the most effective means in our power to bring the message to the public," says David Brower, the club's executive director. "And we are going ahead, tax-exempt status or not."

Indeed, as a result of the club's efforts and such crises as New York's *continued*



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**SCORECARD** *continued*

recent smog alert, the nation has become more aware of its diminishing scenery and increasing pollution. "The public now looks more favorably on conservation ideas and on conservationists themselves," Brower says. "We haven't turned a full corner yet, but I think we've gone around a slight bend in the road."

#### MAD'S NO-SHOWS

The situation in Red China may be even more serious than the China watchers suspect: China last week withdrew from the world table-tennis championship which are to be held in Stockholm in April. As Dick Miles, one of the world's foremost table-tennis watchers and 10-time U.S. champion, points out, China has won the last two world championships, and Chuang Tse-tung, who has twice been named China's Sportsman of the Year, has taken the men's singles title three times in a row. "Table tennis is one of China's few international sports," Miles says. "They've got three million players, and they're not playing down in the basement. It's only meisy Ping-Pong, but to China it's the equivalent of not showing up for the Super Bowl."

### LOWER LEARNING?

Ohio University is now offering a master's degree in sports administration and, doubtless, it would be churlish to question whether or not this is illustrative of progress. At any rate, according to Dr. James Mason, a professor of physical education at Ohio, candidates will spend two quarters in the classroom studying business, law, journalism and education. "For one quarter," he said, "the student will work with the college or pro club in the ticket office, the booking department, maintenance, payroll, public relations . . . any phase of work." Like scheming to sell a 15¢ hot dog for 35¢, Doc, or scheduling split doubleheaders, so the fan has the privilege of paying two admissions?

## THEY SAID IT

- Mike Ditka, Chicago Bear tight end, on Coach George Halas: "He tosses nickels around like manhole covers."
- Jack Hurley, manager of Heavyweight Boone Kirkman, asked if he had known that Bob Adams, whom Kirkman knocked out in the second round, was fat and out of shape: "No, he trained with his robe on."

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**Sports Illustrated**  
FEBRUARY 13, 1997

# CRUEL ALI WITH ALL



# THE SKILLS

*A vindictive champion punished Ernie Terrell through 15 brutal rounds. He convinced remaining doubters that he is king of the heavies* **by TEX MAULE**



Muhammad Ali, who has grown from a cheerful, ingenuous boy into a cruel man, proved beyond any question that he is the heavyweight champion of the world when he destroyed Ernie Terrell in Houston's Astrodome Monday night. He fought with élan and power and with a consummate sense of timing and distance, and when the fight was over he had punished Terrell unmercifully.

It was a wonderful demonstration of boxing skill and a barbarous display of cruelty.

"I want to torture him," Ali said two days before the fight. "I want to give him the Patterson humiliation and punish him. A clean knockout is too good for him."

For the first six rounds of this one-sided match, Clay moved cautiously, staying well beyond the range of Terrell's long left hand. Terrell, surprisingly, looked a bit like an elongated Floyd Patterson, using the same peekaboo style that Patterson employs but lacking the flashy punching speed that allowed Patterson to be effective.

"He just came to survive," said Angelo Dundee, Clay's trainer. "You can't knock out a fighter if all he wants to do is last."

Terrell came to do more than to survive. In the past he has used his right hand only as a defense; against Ali, he tried several right hooks to the head and body in the early rounds and once or twice reached Ali's ribs with a right. But none of them did any damage.

In the earlier going, Terrell's peculiar stance—both hands held high and elbows close together in front of his belly—frustrated Clay's two-handed volleys to his head. He caught most of the blows on his gloves, and when Clay, acting on instructions from Dundee, shifted the attack to the belly, Terrell simply hunched over more and brought his elbows together. In these rounds Clay's most effective weapons were a right- or left-hand uppercut between Terrell's gloves. In the second round he opened a small cut under Terrell's left eye.

It seemed an inconsequential injury, and Terrell was still

*continued*

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT HANDVILLE

*Already grinning with pain in the fourth round, Terrell takes a hard smash to his injured eye from Clay, who has countered over the left.*

fighting strongly and well, scoring on those occasions when he could crowd Clay into the ropes. But, according to Terrell, Clay had damaged his eye so badly that he was unable to see clearly.

"He rubbed my eye against the top rope in the second round," Terrell said. "He rubbed one eye on the rope and put his thumb in the other eye, and for the rest of the fight I was seeing two or three of him. His speed didn't bother me and he didn't hurt me with his punching, but I couldn't see him."

If Terrell's vision was impaired from the second round on, the fact was not apparent immediately. He fought surprisingly well, and his peekaboo style seemed to puzzle Ali. Indeed, in the fourth round he hit Clay with the best punch he landed all night, a sharp, crisp right cross over a tentative Clay jab. Ali slid away along the ropes and countered with a left, but Terrell hit him again with the right before Ali could escape. Muhammad weathered a storm of lefts and rights in this exchange by beautiful shifts of his head and body. This was to

be the last really good round Terrell had.

From the fifth round to the end of the fight Clay moved in close. He had remained well away from Terrell before this, gauging the length of the left. After he had marked the outer limits of the long jab, he moved up so that Terrell's left time and again missed his face by only an inch or so. Then Clay began to plant himself, hating with the flat-footed power that had disposed of Cleveland Williams. The hard, rapid-fire punches occasionally jarred Terrell's hands apart so that Clay was able to finish off a flurry with a left or right uppercut between Terrell's hands.

In the sixth round he stabbed Terrell through these openings with sharp left hands, but there was no visible damage, and Terrell fought back.

But early in the seventh, now fighting as close to Terrell as he pleased and almost ignoring the threat of the left hand, Clay slammed a series of punches against the side of Terrell's head, and Terrell momentarily opened his guard. When he did, Clay lifted him with a

short, immensely powerful right uppercut that caught him flush. The punch opened a deep, bloody gash over Terrell's right eye. Terrell staggered crabwise across the ring, where he splayed out on the ropes. Clay waited and then hit him in the face again, this time with a violent left hook.

Terrell was dazed and floundering, but he retained enough of his senses to bring his hands up once more to protect his head. Perhaps too eager now, Clay wasted himself with a fruitless, wild bombardment that bounced harmlessly off Terrell's gloves. Bleeding heavily, Terrell almost unbelievably survived. He regained his composure so well that he finished the round with a strong rally of his own in which he managed to hit Clay with a good right hand.

For the next eight rounds, however, the question in this fight was whether Terrell would be able to avoid being knocked out. The offensive spurt at the end of the seventh was the last truly aggressive move he made. For the rest of the fight he seemed groggily, grimly determined to accept whatever punishment Ali administered, and he fought back only in curious, desperate bursts that were oddly sad to watch.

Muhammad Ali recognized this as surely as Terrell must have, and he showed clearly the cruel streak that has recently become a dominant factor in his character. After the seventh round he knew that he could not lose the fight. He taunted Terrell throughout the eighth round by coming well within the range of the now almost useless left hand and yelling, "What's my name? What's my name?" The question stemmed from Terrell's refusal to recognize the Muslim name that had been given to Clay by his leader, Elijah Muhammad. Each time the question was followed by a tattoo of lefts and rights to Terrell's head. At the end of the eighth, as the bleeding and beaten Terrell plodded hopelessly after him, Clay stopped, glanced at the clock and yelled, "Uncle Tom."

Then Clay punished Terrell ruthlessly. It might have been well to have stopped the fight as no contest—and many in the crowd, wincing at the flow of blood, were yelling for it to be stopped, but it went on remorselessly. Terrell shuffled forward hopelessly, peering mistily through his upraised hands while Clay baited him, moving just beyond his reach and hitting him.



"What's my name? What's my name?" Ali taunts Terrell when he knows his fight is won.

At the beginning of the 10th round Clay stood in front of Terrell and tapped himself gently on the jaw as though he were promising Terrell that this is where the blow would land to knock the WBA champion out. Despite the terrible punishment, Cassius never managed to fulfill the prediction.

By the 12th round Dundee was yelling at Clay, "Finish him! Finish him!" And Sam Solomon, the round, gray-haired Negro who trains Terrell, was yelling at his fighter, "Hit him! Hit him! You got nothing to lose now!" He certainly did not. But just as certainly Terrell had nothing left with which to go after Clay. Only some dam determination to finish kept him on his feet.

Between the 13th and 14th rounds Harry Kessler, the referee, leaned over and called for a doctor to examine Terrell's right eye. A bald-headed man in a red coat climbed to the apron of the ring and leaned part way through the ropes for a quick glance at the cut and then climbed down again. Kessler called down to a friend at ringside "It isn't a bad cut," he said.

So Terrell came out again for the 14th round, an act of considerable courage. He must have known that he did not have the physical resources for even a desperate punch that would knock Clay out. The few times he tried to retaliate, the punches were weak and wide.

By now, although he forced himself at rare intervals to fight back, Terrell could no longer control his tormented body. Instead of reacting normally to a Clay feint, he flinched instinctively with his whole being, and when he ventured to lead with his left, his recovery into a protective crouch was exaggerated and somehow pitiful.

Luckily for him, Clay by then was arm weary. Clay did not mount another serious attack until the fight was almost over. Then, with 17 seconds left in the 15th round, he glanced up at the clock. He pushed Terrell away and pounced on him savagely, spending the remaining energy he had hoarded, and Terrell took the beating submissively, his hopes of victory irretrievably gone.

In the dressing room Clay was almost unmarked. He had bled slightly from one nostril during a late round following a wild lunge by Terrell, but that was the only sign of battle on him.

"He never hurt me," Cassius said in the time-honored words of all fighters.

"Never reached me with the left. I don't know what I hit him with in the seventh cause they was too many punches I thrown. I got to say he a brave man. I jes' couldn't put him down, so I had to back off now and then and get my breath."

He made a big point of asking Herbert Muhammad, son of Elijah, to climb up beside him on a training table and say whom he would fight next. He ignored Angelo Dundee.

"He was out of condition," said Herbert, when he got the floor. "If he had been in condition, he would have knocked Terrell out in the third round."

"Out of condition?" said Dundee, who was changing clothes in a small cubicle to one side of the dressing room. "This man went 15 hard rounds and threw Lord only knows how many punches against a guy hard to punch against, and he's out of condition? I never saw him in better condition."

As long as he stays that way no heavyweight in the world stands the remotest chance against him. This fight, as so many before, was built up as a

real test of Clay, and again it was no test at all.

After the fight Clay told Zora Folley that he was the next contender. Waiting in the wings are Thad Spencer, George Chuvalo, Joe Frazier and Buster Mathis.

By now, though, it is very clear that the only foe who will defeat Muhammad Ali Cassius Marcellus Clay is age—or his own bigotry. He taunted Terrell because he felt Ernie had betrayed the Negro race by calling him Clay. Ali is, truly, a devout Muslim and he believes in the Muslim tenets.

It will not be surprising, then, if he disposes of one of the last non-Muslims in his entourage, and maybe that move will be as damaging to him as the slow encroachment of age. Herbert Muhammad may be his manager, in fact, for his next fight, and Angelo Dundee may be out. Clay provided the physical talent to win and defend a world championship and Dundee the brains. Somehow Herbert does not seem smart enough—as a trainer or manager—to take Angelo's place.

END



Cut over the right eye, swollen under the left, Terrell at boot's end is a battered, bruised loser.



## SUDDEN REVENGE FOR FERRARI

*Ford was triumphant in 1966, but as the sports car racing season opened at Daytona, Ferrari of Italy struck back with a sweeping victory despite possession of fewer cars and horses than the Americans*

by KIM CHAPIN

Until last year there was one constant in international automobile racing: the vivid red Ferraris of Italy were bound to win the big endurance events. The biggest of all, the 24-hour race at Le Mans, became a Ferrari parade. Then Ford decided that Ferrari was hogging the glamour and dealt America in, not only winning Le Mans in 1966 but also the Florida tests at Daytona and Sebring. Enzo Ferrari, a man who views defeat with all the

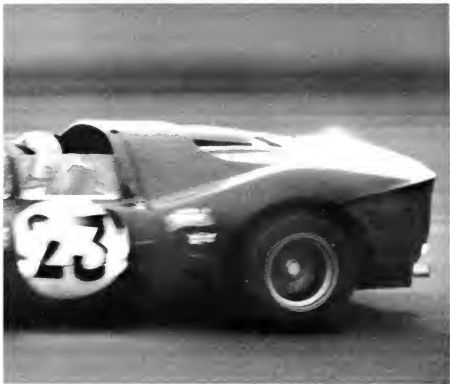
composure of Green Bay's Vincent Lombardi, got sore and got tough.

Last week at Daytona International Speedway, 20,000 fans gathered in excellent weather for the second 24-hour Continental, which officially opened the sports car season. Ford was heavily favored. The Mark IIs were back, largely unchanged from 1966—giant 7-liter machines that are the end product of three years of intensive effort by Ford. The

new P4 Ferraris, though significantly better than the P3s of last season, were not expected to be ready in time to offer a real challenge. The Mark IIs were so good, in fact, that Ford officials were not especially worried that the development of their new J-Car, the successor to the Mark II, was behind schedule.

They are worried now. The Continental produced one of the most stunning upsets in motor-racing history as Fer-





Speeding through the Florida night, young Chris Amon of New Zealand drives his futuristic rear-engined Ferrari P4 toward impressive win.

raris swept in one, two, three, led by Chris Amon, a 23-year-old New Zealander and Lorenzo Bandini, 30, a Milan garage owner, and the Fords flopped.

The result was all the more impressive since Ferrari, for the first time in a decade, entered the sports car racing season as an underdog. The Fords had established American superiority in a field dominated practically since the invention of the wheel by European manufacturers.

Ford was well supplied with drivers. Dan Gurney and A. J. Foyt were in one car, pairing America's best road racer with its top Indianapolis pilot. Mario Andretti, the 5'4" Italian-American from Nazareth, Pa. who had dethroned Foyt as the American champion in 1965, was in a second car with the

equally diminutive Richie Ginther, a Grand Prix veteran. Bruce McLaren and Lucien Bunchi, Mark Donohue and Peter Revson, Ronnie Bucknum and Frank Gardner and, finally, Dennis Hulme and Lloyd Ruby—the last of the soft-spoken Texans who, with the late Ken Miles, had won both Daytona and Sebring in Mark IIs last year and should have won at Le Mans—completed the Ford teams. It was a formidable crew, and one that should have been reeking with confidence. It was not.

First of all, the Mark IIs weren't going appreciably faster than they had last year. True, Gurney was on the pole with a record lap of 1:55.1 (119.165 mph), but only because of an 11th-hour effort. He made his run with less than 45 minutes remaining in Thursday's practice-

qualifying period—and on special soft-rubber tires that allow a car to go fast for a short time but would have to be changed for the race itself. At that, he barely bested out a Chaparral and two very quick Ferraris. John Cowley, the Ford director of racing, said wryly, "We don't quite have the edge we enjoyed last year."

The strong Chaparral performance in practice was more or less expected. After weeks of hiding in the Texas weeds near Midland, Jim Hall and Hap Sharp showed up at Daytona later than anyone else; too late, in fact, to get a garage assignment. John Holman, the jovial stock-car entrepreneur who, with Carroll Shelby, tunes up the Mark II stable for Ford, let the Chaparrals have one room in Ford's spacious building. "I can keep an eye on them there," Holman

*continued*

said, "and they've been real busy."

The Chaparrals were outfitted for the first time with big 396-cubic-inch engines to close the horsepower gap with the Fords. Although Hill qualified the 2D model second to Gurney (with the now-famous spoiler wing flapping 2½ feet above the rear deck), the driving was left to Phil Hill and Mike Spence, while Bob Johnson and Bruce Jennings drove the wingless 2F version. But Enzo Ferrari's chief concern was not the Chaparrals. It was Ford he wanted to beat. The gruff old wizard of Maranello was determined to recoup the losses of 1966. Italians who cared were murmuring something like, "*Manietti la fede, coro*," which translates roughly as "Keep the faith, baby." And Ferrari drove his men as never before.

After a year of labor disputes, driver disputes and threats by Ferrari to pull out of racing and leave the field to the "Ford steamroller," it was now clear that Ferrari had no intention of giving up. He had preempted part of the section of his small factory used for production cars and had given it to the racing division. Learning that Amon, the quiet, slope-shouldered driver who had won Le Mans last year in a Mark II as Bruce McLaren's co-driver, was available, he offered Amon a ride. Amon

jumped at the chance. "I could have stayed with Ford for nearly eight times—exactly eight times—what I'm making with Ferrari," Amon said. "But for a long time I've wanted to work for these people. Ferrari has been in this business for 50 years and he knows a few things."

Ferrari planned well for the Continental. Last December Amon and the rest spent eight days of testing on the peculiar Continental course—a combination of the high, 31° banks of the 2½-mile speedway and a flat, taut infield road course. Amon and Lorenzo Bandini were keeping the faith in a 4-liter V-12 P4 Spyder. Mike Parkes, the Englishman who has been a Ferrari engineer and chief tester for five years, and Ludovico Scarfiotti had a sister coupe. Both cars toured the 3.81-mile circuit at clockings near 1:54, four seconds and four mph faster than the track record. Ferrari was furious when the word leaked out, and if Ford had been a bit complacent until then, it was no longer. As Holman said, "If you underestimate anybody in this business, you're a fool."

In addition to the two factory cars from Maranello, there were two bossed by Luigi Chinetti, the American distributor for Ferrari. These were entered by his North American Racing Team. A P4

was driven by Pedro Rodriguez of Mexico, a two-time winner of the Continental (at shorter distances), and Jean Guichet of France; a 1966 P3 model was driven by Jo Schlesser of Paris and Peter Gregg of Jacksonville, Fla.

The fact that Ford outsped Ferrari in practice sessions did nothing to shake the faith of Chris Amon. "I definitely believe," he said, "that the Ferrari is a better car, not potentially, but right now. We've got 50 less horsepower [450 to 500], but they're about 900 pounds heavier [2,800 to 1,900], and we've got a better power-to-weight ratio."

Both sides were naturally reticent about strategy before the 3 p.m. Saturday start. Franco Lini, a former writer for *L'Espresso*, the French sports daily, who recently joined Ferrari as its racing team manager, stressed the human factor. Lini is a diminutive man who, unlike most Italians, does not talk with his hands. He uses his eyes, which smile or scowl as circumstances dictate. "At a meeting," he said, scowling, "we can sit down with the drivers and decide this and decide that, but when they get on a track and see somebody go past them, ah! They go crazy."

"I think, though, that if we can run 2:03s or 2:04s for 24 hours we can win by three laps." One of those "crazy" drivers, Amon, disputed even that. "We'll turn 1:56s and 1:57s," he smiled, "and still be there at the end."

Ford's strategy was a bit more complicated. With six cars at its disposal, Dearborn could afford to send out one or two "rabbits" to set a pace just higher than the competition might like and hope the Ferraris and Chaparrals would break down, leaving the circuit clear for the rest of the Ford fleet.

Hill started the race in the winged Chaparral and upset everybody's plans by taking an early lead over the second-place car, the Andretti-Gimther Mark II. But just after 6 p.m., when Hill began his second turn in the Chaparral, he hit loose sand and slid into a cement retaining wall. After an hour's work on the suspension, the car was withdrawn.

With the Ferraris running cleanly and with one Chaparral out and the other falling behind (it retired with a sick engine just before dawn Sunday), the Ford strategy altered. Rabbit Andretti pitted on lap 17, complaining of low pressure in a rear tire. The Ford crew changed it. Two laps later Andretti was in the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIMBLE



Pit stop brings the second-place Parkes-Scarfiotti Ferrari in for fuel and change of drivers.

pits again. Wrong tire. This time the crew changed both rear tires, but by then Andreotti was in no position to lure anyone into trouble.

Ford's problems had begun a little earlier, when the Bucknum-Gardner car came in with third and fourth gears inoperable. It took 50 minutes to replace the transmission. At 6:30 p.m. Andreotti came in again—without his third or fourth. Both Holman and Shelby suspected what was to come: an epidemic of gearbox woes.

Into the sixth hour the Ferraris were going by in a parade reminiscent of their heyday in the early 1960s, when they were all but unopposed. No. 23 (Amon-Bandini), No. 26 (Rodriguez-Guichet), No. 24 (Parkes-Scarfiotti) and No. 33 (Mairesse-Bourly in a P3) occupied the first four positions. In fifth place was the Gurney-Foyt Ford, but it was nearly 20 miles off the pace.

With 10 hours gone the race was over for Ford. The agony that had struck the two Mark IIs spread through the entire six-car fleet. It was quickly diagnosed by the multitude of Ford engineers as a broken output shaft (the shaft on which the four forward gears are situated, like spinners on a stick). It is a piece of metal 1 1/4 inches in diameter and 14 inches long that costs less than \$50. By one a.m. that paltry item in Ford's multimillion-dollar racing budget had kayaked all six Mark IIs.

Although they obviously could not win, the Ford people got their cars going again. Replacing the transmissions took from 90 minutes to 22 minutes (practice makes perfect), but it was obvious that nobody was going to catch the Ferraris unless they broke down as well. All the Mark IIs continued until other trouble forced five of them behind the pit wall and out of the race for good. At the end only the McLaren-Bianchi car was on the track.

At the other end of the pits from Ford, Lini's eyes were smiling as the red P4s toured easily around the course. At the start they were turning two minutes flat, with an occasional 1:59 or 1:58 thrown in just to show they could go that fast. But after midnight both the Amon-Bandini and Parkes-Scarfiotti cars were going 10 seconds a lap slower.

Lini said, "Everything is fine. All we do on our pit stops is add gas and water and give the drivers Coca-Cola to drink."

That wasn't quite true. Shortly after dusk the Amon-Bandini car had an abnormally long pit stop, because air had gotten into the brake line, necessitating a trackside bleeding, and around 3 a.m. the Parkes-Scarfiotti car was in the pits for six minutes, because the brake pads had worn too much and had nearly caused the disc brakes to lock. But, by and large, that was all.

In the garage behind the Ferrari pits, which served as the Ferraris' "ready room," Pedro Rodriguez' father and Scarfiotti's vivacious wife, Ida, chatted. Refusing sleep while her husband was on the track, she brewed espresso coffee for Ludovico. "With Italian coffee," she explained, "you no sleep."

Even without espresso, Amon refused sleep during the entire 24 hours. He munched sandwiches in the Ferrari pits, chain-smoked and drank American coffee when Bandini was out in the car.

Bandini and the others weren't quite so hardy. They preferred a few winks between tours behind a door on which a sign, QUIET PLEASE, FERRARI TEAM SLEEPING, was hung. The daylight hours went more smoothly for Ferrari than the night hours. The Rodriguez-Guichet car experienced a series of minor difficulties, which put it out of first-place contention, but it was never seriously challenged for third.

With less than 10 minutes left the Ferraris converged three abreast, Nos. 23, 24 and 26 in formation, remnant of the Ford finish at Le Mans last June, with tough little Porsches coming along fourth and fifth. As the Ferrari crewmen and Lini embraced in the pits, the three took the checkered flag. Amon and Bandini completed 666 laps (2,537.46 miles) at an average speed of 105.703 mph, three laps ahead of No. 24 and 29 laps ahead of No. 26. Amon was at the wheel at the end for his second straight triumph in a 24-hour race.

Immediately Lini went to a telephone and called Maranello. After a few minutes he came away from the phone. "Mr. Ferrari," he said, "is very pleased."

Ferrari, no man to reveal his hand prematurely, did not disclose whether he would send the first team back to resume the Ford-Ferrari duel at Sebring on April 1. The decision from Maranello would not come for several weeks. But Ford certainly would be there. Said Holman sternly, "We don't go to races expecting to lose."

END



Winner Amon defected from Ford to Ferrari.



Italy's Bandini co-drove Amon car to victory.

*One enthusiast calls it a capital cure for a hangover. Shivering landsmen regard it as medicine only a masochist could swallow. But for the addicted few who at this time of year like to wrap themselves in layer upon layer of thermal underwear and race across wintry wastes of water in fragile and tippy cockleshells, there is no cocktail more bracing or stimulating than frostbite sailing. One crisp morning last February, Artist Francis Golden put on his earmuffs and watched from both shores of Long Island Sound to see what was so good about it. His artist's eye told him quickly, and on this and the following pages he has tapped some of the special tart, triple-distilled essence of wintertime's purity that puts spice and warmth into a frostbite sailor's sport*

# A Tonic of Wind and Water









22  
55





# All You Need Is a Boat and a Bottle

As near as anyone can determine, a frostbite dinghy racing officially became a sport on New Year's Day 1932, in Manhasset on Long Island. It was the result of a challenge hurled during a Christmas party by the late William Taylor at his longtime summer sailing rival Marlin Baker. "My little Ratsey can sail circles around that dink of yours any day of the week, any week of the year, winter or summer, spring or fall," was the general gist of the argument put forward by Taylor, then yachting editor of the late *New York Herald Tribune*. And despite the inclement weather that threatened, it seemed only reasonable to the sailing enthusiasts present to test it at the earliest possible moment.

"It was snowing," recalls Everett Morris, who served as Taylor's crew, later succeeded him as the *Trib's* boating editor and is now commodore of the Frostbite Yacht Club. "But by the time we got out on the water several other dinghy owners had decided to enter the race." The winner, as it turned out, was neither Taylor nor Baker, but Sailmaker G. Colin Ratsey, who was sailing one of his own boats. This, of course, started a whole new set of arguments that had to be raced off.

Virtually ever since that day the same ardent sailormen and many more besides have spent their wintertime Sundays racing 12-foot dinghies across harbors and inlets on Long Island Sound. The sport has even spread to Chicago, to Detroit and to the bays around Boston, where three good-sized frostbite fleets conduct a chilly rivalry each winter.

This year the 36th annual regatta in Manhasset Bay drew more than 100 entries from clubs all up and down the Long Island and Connecticut shores—Larchmont, Mamaroneck, Sea Cliff, Greenwich, Riverside. "Each year," says

Commodore Morris a bit wistfully, "we get a few more members, so we've had to get organized. In the old days all we needed was a boat and a bottle to keep us warm."

Nowadays there is no room for boat-proud challenges like the one hurled by Taylor. The races are all sailed in uniform one-design dinghies—though each fleet has its favorite class. They are all in the 11-to-12-foot range and carry about 72 feet of sail and a crew of two. There is generally a horde of youngsters, all bundled up in layers of clothing by fretful mothers, on hand to crew for their elders. Lightweight crews are generally the best, and one of the original frostbiters, Arthur Knapp (of America's Cup fame), has run through a family of six seeking the most efficient bulk. "When they began to get fat," says Sailorman Knapp, "I fired them and went on to the next child."

Frostbiters are not utter idiots. When the wind is blowing too hard or the waves are too high, they don't race at all. But on a good day when the breeze is brisk, regardless of temperature, they may run as many as six races around a triangular course of a half to three-quarters of a mile. Capsizes are frequent in the always tense competition, and dunkings are taken in stride. "When you hit that water, you feel your heart stop," said one recent victim of such a catastrophe. Nevertheless, says one Manhasset member who helps man the crash boats at each race, "we pull a couple of dozen out of the water every season."

The veterans feel that if you haven't been overboard at least a dozen times you aren't really sailing. Besides, nothing makes the after-race wassail taste better than explaining to those who stayed dry how it happened.

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

Rick Barry had driven down to Milpitas from San Francisco that morning in the rainstorm in his red Porsche 912. It rained all the way to Milpitas, which is where Miss Teen-Age America hails from but which is otherwise undisputed. Like, if the Warriors are playing gin rummy and one of them gets a bad deal, he says, "Oh, have I got a Milpitas hand." But the children of Milpitas, unaware of such slights, had been standing under an awning just out of the rain, waiting for an hour for Rick Barry, as the representative of a washing-machine company, to show up at the new model homes. He called to them as he crossed the street, jumping over a river of water that flowed by the curb. "Hey," Rick said, "remember the times when it would rain like this, and you'd have Popsicle-stick races in the gutter? You'd even build dams to stop the other guy's sticks, remember?" He patted a kid named Eddie on the head and went inside to sign autographs for RCA Whirlpool. It is not hard for Rick Barry to remember such things as Popsicle-stick races. "You associate college with people very young," he said later, "but, look, I'm only 22. It's funny, I should *not* be in college."

At 22, Barry (see cover) is already an NBA All-Star, the league's leading scorer with a 36-point average, and a marked man in every game. He retains a touch of the teen-ager—a slight skin problem—that has teammates kid him about, but there is little else to mar his life. Recently a dentist, a fan, said he would do any work Rick needed for nothing. Rick made an appointment—and he didn't have a single cavity.

There was a lull in the autograph signing, and a recording man wearing tight corduroys and a turtle-neck brought his machine over for Rick to make a commercial. Rick spoke his lines over and over, not fastidiously but just because he had the time and wanted to get them right. At one point in the dialogue he had to say, "Whirlpool portable," but the words ran together and kept coming out "whirpoo porrible." He laughed at himself, but in the end he made it just right. When he was at the University of Miami and began to realize that he had an excellent chance to make the pros, he increased the number of radio-TV courses on his schedule. Now he has his own daily radio show and he handles interviews with the assurance of Eric Sevareid. He is 22, but he leaves nothing to chance. He took a Certs before he started signing the autographs.

"Most kids," says Bob Feerick, the Warriors' general manager, "when they come in the first time, they want to hedge. They want no-cut contracts, things like that. Rick just said something like give me the money and when do we start." By then, with the aid of his college coach and father-in-law, Bruce Hale, Rick had gone through a cram course to prepare for the NBA.

"Just after his senior year I decided to put him through a pro test," says Hale. "I put Stu Marcus, one of our biggest and strongest players, behind him, and Rod Godfrey, an assistant coach, in front of him, and myself on the side of him. Then I threw the ball against the board, and Rick had to bump through at least two of us to get the ball and

make the basket. We put him on the deck a lot. I mean, we really worked him over, but after a while he was making monkeys out of all of us."

The great players, men like Baylor and Robertson, often make their final move a flip back away from the basket. Barry goes to the *hoop*, even better than Bob Pettit did. "I saw right away," says Alex Hannum, last year's Warrior coach, "that he was familiar with pro moves. Give Bruce Hale the credit for that. But I could also see that Rick was the kind who could be an outstanding stockbroker or doctor or anything. Or ballplayer. Right now I think Rick Barry will be the biggest name in pro basketball for years to come."

Hannum actually learned most of the



## RAZOR-CUT IDOL OF SAN FRANCISCO

by FRANK DEFORD

Rick Barry has captivated the city, as much with his youthful good looks and exuberance as with his brilliance on the basketball court

things he needed to know about Barry during the previous year's National AAU tournament in Denver. "His team won its first game and lost the second," says Hannum. "This is the time to see a kid play, when things aren't going his way. Well, there was the high altitude and Barry hadn't really gotten much sleep out there but the worse his team got the more he tried. He proved to me right there he had the courage. And he was obviously a guy who could score and was determined to put the ball in the basket."

Barry averaged 26 points last year under Hannum, the most in NBA history for a rookie forward. Still, there were those who assumed he would score less this season under Coach Bill Sharman,

primarily because Guy Rodgers, the team's playmaker, had been traded. The critics were wrong. Rodgers' absence changed the style of the Warrior attack, not its big weapon. Sharman called for more running. The ball-handling responsibility was spread around. Barry, working with the ball, began to shoot more and better from outside while retaining the skills he developed when Rodgers was running the fast breaks—moves that cut him loose at the proper instant. He scored in the 30s and 40s from the start. "At first," Sharman says, "they were guarding him as if he were just another good player. But in the last few weeks it's changed. Now they're all over him. And I've told Rick that if they're going to concentrate on him like that, we're

going to use him more and more as a decoy. The thing is—and everybody knows it, too—he's also a good passer."

The handsy treatment Rick now gets has forced him to concentrate on controlling his temper, which is as volatile as that of most hard competitors. Still, he has gained something of a reputation for being a complainer. "Sure," he said. "I know that. So a little while ago I tried something. I went about seven games without saying one word to anybody. Not a word. Just raised my hand if they called a foul on me, and not a word. And all that happened was that I got clabbed even more and they called even less of what these guys were doing to me. You should see it. It's getting unbelievable." He was shaking his head as he talked, clearly upset just thinking about it. "The thing is," he went on, "everybody is getting to know about it now. They know what they can get away with on me, off the ball. And it's getting worse. It's really unbelievable."

If unbelievable is the word for Rick's problems as a player, it is also a reasonable description, in a different sense, of his life off the court—a Teddy bear's picnic, sugar and spice and everything nice, and no cavities. There is the Porsche 912 to drive to the beautiful apartment in The Marina, the Golden Gate and the Marin Mountains ghostly in the fog just outside the window. There is the lovely Mrs. Barry, Bruce Hale's daughter Pamela, who, six months ago, gave Rick a son and heir—Richard Francis Barry IV. And Rags, the old English sheepdog, minds the hearth.

As has been so extravagantly reported by the locker-room press, Rick actually indulges in \$6 razor cuts. He also admits, with a wry touch of defiance, to the employment of hair spray. But then, there is little about Barry that has not been revealed to an apparently anxiously waiting world. In the last few months press publicity has made him an object of public fancy equalled this winter only by Jackie, Bobby, paper dresses and smog. No stone—or Barry himself—has been left unturned in this quest for what makes Rick tick. It is reliably reported by Mrs. Barry, in one of the more comprehensive accounts, that

continued

AGAINST THE CELTICS' JOHN HAVLICEK, RICK SHOWS HOW HARD HE IS TO STOP



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## RAZOR-CUT IDOL *continued*

Rick "twitches like a hundred electric eels when he sleeps." Doubleday has inquired about the possibility of publishing a book on his life, and a half-hour TV special is nearing completion. This intrigues Barry for he would like to be an actor. Wouldn't he be too tall for a leading man? "I could always be a monster," he replies. A way.

One consequence of all this publicity is a rash of Barry-endorsed products, ranging from Snickers candy bars to Clorox, from sportswear to a savings and loan association to sneakers. Another consequence is the enmity Rick's popularity has engendered among the admirers of Nate Thurmond. Thurmond, as even Barry admits, just happens to be the most valuable player on the Warriors. The fact may be unknown to the casual basketball public but it is accepted without argument by anyone close to the situation. "It's very simple," Barry says. "The most important guy on the Warriors is Nate. You can't win in this league without a good center, and Nate is a great one now. I missed three games earlier in the year and we won all of them. If Nate misses any, we don't win."

No matter how valuable Thurmond may be, however, Barry attracts more attention. For one thing, he is more spectacular. For another, he is white. The situation is hardly new to the NBA (before Barry and Thurmond there were Cousy and Russell, West and Baylor) but it has become a potential team problem in San Francisco because of some remarks made by a Negro journalist named Samuel J. Skinner. After offering an admirable defense for Thurmond, Skinner fell back upon an unfair, searing attack directed at everyone white—particularly Barry.

Barry, it seems, is guilty on two counts: shooting too much and winning the racially inspired admiration of the "white folks." The nadir of Skinner's crusade occurred when an unidentified Negro friend, introduced in his column, sneered at Barry: "I hope he breaks his leg."

As long as he scores 30, 40, even 50 points a game, Barry must be prepared to face accusations about gunning. Sherman, who was a shooter himself, defends Barry. "Selfish?" Sherman says. "They always say the shooter is selfish. That's his job—to shoot. Did they ever say Russell was selfish for taking all the rebounds?" It is a false charge anyway, Barry is, as noted, a fine passer, and the

Warrior offense is a fluid one that is not set up especially for him. "He gives the ball up real well," Thurmond says. And Nate, who has played with Chamberlain, adds: "There is a great difference between Wilt making 40 and Rick making 40."

Barry is making the 40 not only because he has the ball more but because, simply enough, he is a better shooter. "This year, you've got to go out to him," Chicago Assistant Coach Al Bianchi says. When Rick arrived in San Francisco it was surprisingly apparent that he really was not much of a shooter at all. He had scored 973 points in his senior year at Miami to lead the nation with a 37-point average, but by NBA standards he had a lot to learn. So Rick hustled off to Hawaii for his honeymoon, then returned to San Francisco and started lining up games every night. Soon he took off for Squaw Valley and the camp headed by Feerick and University of San Francisco Athletic Director Pete Peletta. "He'd play all day," Peletta says. "A little horseback riding, but the rest of the time he was on the court. And, you know, just about everyone there could beat him shooting a game of spot."

Feerick went in to Barry and implored him to go home to his bride, but he would not leave till camp was over. "He



BARRY AND BARRY'S STROLL IN MARINA

reported in tremendous shape," says Hannum. "The way to tell if a guy is in shape the first day is to look at his feet. Rick's were covered with calluses. There weren't three days in preseason training that I didn't know he was going to be one of my starting forwards. There are others in the league who rank with Barry in shooting ability, but none of the others have that quickness and size he's got. He's six-seven and moves like Havlicek to get open. And, don't forget, he's one of the great free-throw shooters. He was quick to learn that the way to be one of the top scorers is to go to the hoop. If you go to the hoop and get fouled 10 or 15 times, there's 10 or more points."

Rick's first coach was Richard Barry Jr., who taught him at St. Peter and Paul Grammar School in Elizabeth, N.J. The family moved to Rozelle Park, N.J., where Rick was young for his class, did not like his coach and was hardly a star till his senior year. Even then, he did not make All-New Jersey. He had an alternate appointment to the Naval Academy, but already he was taking his temper into account and figured, "I'd probably punch someone who told me what to do." Of the few other offers, he liked Miami best—mostly because of Bruce Hale. Rick did not, it should be made clear, know Pamela Hale at the time. He met her soon enough but, as befits a young man who had grown up inculcated with the basic American belief that only toadies play up to the boss's daughter, Rick "dunked her in the pool and chased her around." Barry calls this strategy "reverse psychology." As soon as he made the varsity, however, all bets were off, and he immediately began to repair the indignities he had made her suffer. A few years later Pam was touring the country as a "synchronized swimmer," working at such places as the Billy Rose Aquacade at the World's Fair. She does not swim professionally anymore. Rick says, "I called her up and told her, 'You've had your fun. Come on home.'" They were married a few months later.

It was Bruce Hale who was largely responsible for decreasing the volatility of Rick's temper. It still frightened off several potential NBA employers, however, such as Ned Irish of the Knicks. He called Barry "skinny and a flake." Irish has made some spectacular draft blunders over the years, but in this instance he was hardly alone. Most scouts figured

Rick to be not only an angry young man, but too fragile to last the long pro season. Feerick—who had roomed with Bruce Hale at Santa Clara—guessed that Barry would be strong enough, though, and Hannum agreed. That settled, Warrior Owner Franklin Mieli promptly tried to trade Barry to Los Angeles even up for Gail Goodrich, the high-scoring little UCLA guard who was to be the Lakers' territorial choice. But Mieli, who has been known to suffer good fortune, was turned down flat by Laker Owner Bob Short.

Barry has proved to be not only durable but able to take the kind of complimentary battering few players are ever honored to receive. His frustrations, however, are more ample than his bruises; he controls his feelings fairly well, but "the grimace," as Sharmen calls it, still remains clear upon Barry's face, suggesting a sullenness that does not always endear him to all observers. Such as referees.

When provoked, Barry may still respond aggressively. Trying to get past Tom Hawkins of the Lakers in a game last month, Barry slapped out at Hawkins' hands. Hawkins, lying back, was caught and thrown out of the game. A couple of weeks later Barry and Dick Van Arsdale of the Knicks got into a pushing match. While both were being restrained, Barry says, the Knicks' big center, Walt Bellamy, decked him with a neat right cross. Thurmond promptly cautioned Bellamy against future indiscretions—and the Warriors went on to win by 21 points as Barry took down 14 rebounds. The next day all the newspapers talked about how Van Arsdale had "held" Rick to 22 points.

Barry has some views on that subject, too. "They're making a lot of defensive geniuses these days out of guys who don't score," he said recently. "But they don't stop you in this league. There are a lot of guys who work hard at defense, they play you close and they make you work for every shot. But it all comes down to whether you can put them in or not. In the final analysis, it is not them stopping you but you missing it." He kept talking in the second person, but as he went on and expanded, the "you" seemed to contract more and more from the general to the personal.

"There is nobody—nobody—that can really stop you in this league," Rick Barry said.

# DON'T KILL THE MARTINI



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PART III  
ZERO ON THE TOUR

# HEAD DOWN AND EYE ON THE BALL

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

The author obeys the classic rule of golf instruction, but hardly in the classic fashion, as he hits one shot into a swimming pool and bounces another off Bob Hope's cart

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Palm Springs calls itself the Golf Capital of the World, and part of that claim, at least now, is based on its being the home of the Bob Hope Desert Classic, an unimpressive on the pro tour and the one that marked the end of my three-week association with big-time golf. Here I played on a team with two other amateurs, joined each day by a different professional. The four pros who played with us were Larry Mancoeur, from Lake Tahoe; Bill Martindale, a tall gum-popping Texan; Bruce Crampton, an easy-going Australian; and Joe Taylor, an older pro who saw my cramped stiffish swing and kept telling me to forget about everything and really "bell" the ball. "Bell tag guy like you," he said, "you really ought to poke it out there."

In the Desert Classic the pro-am partnerships play through four days of the five-day tournament, each team moving in succession to four major courses in the area—Bermuda Dunes, Eldorado (where Eisenhower has his bungalow off one of the fairways), La Quinta and Indian Wells.

I never quite got adapted to Palm Springs. It is a community set down in a forbidding corner of the desert under the flank of a bleak mountain range with lumpy hills as desolate as slag heaps. A city ordinance forbids the building of homes over a certain height (presumably to insure that the inhabitants get an unimpeded view of their raw surroundings), so that, seeing the identical low buildings with flat roofs and stucco walls, one has the sense of being in a vast adobe housing development.

"Wait for the sunsets," I was told. "You've heard about our great desert sunsets."

I had heard about them, but they seemed to hold off while I was there. Night fell quickly but not mercifully. It was then that the bonanza of artificiality and gimmickery became most evident. To ease the gloom of the landscape, water pipes have been run partway up rock piles to create artificial waterfalls and streams. In the daytime the water tumbling down those barren slopes looks oddly unnatural, like a freshet pushing out of a window of the Chrysler Building. At night colored searchlights are brought into play, turning the waterfalls orange. Many of the poles of the area have tiny spotlights set about them; the trees glow blue and red, and one often feels surrounded by the garish props of an opera set. "It's all so fake,"

a golf writer said, staring up moodily from his drink on the terrace of one of the country clubs. Bells were ringing from a carillon tower, echoing against the bleak hills veiled by searchlights. "The whole place seems to have been doused with Jude East."

On the golf courses the same quality of artificiality seemed to prevail. One was always conscious on the lovely links used for the Crosby of the natural surroundings—even with big crowds in attendance—emphasized by the deep forests, the deer moving through the green shadows like phantoms, and the sea shifting against the rocks and beaches of the ocean holes.

At Palm Springs the atmosphere was urban and carnival. On the third hole of my first day of play I looked up from my drive and saw two figures dressed in bear costumes ride out on the course in a golf cart.

"What?"

"Those are the Hamm's Beer bears," I was told. "The company's involved in the tournament promotion."

Quite a few of them were around the course, the implacable cardboard bear heads staring at one from the crowd.

The Dewar's whiskey people were taking part in the promotion, too, and they had a special honor guard of 6-foot Highlanders dressed in the full Scottish regalia—kilt, bushy and all—and they seemed to materialize at awkward and startling moments, appearing suddenly over the brow of a bunker and stirring down as one was settling in for the shot with the sandblaster. With the exception of Bermuda Dunes, the architecture of the golf courses is as forced as their surroundings. The water hazards are man-made, with smooth cement contours and an attending flock of Mascovy ducks gabbling at one end. Often the fairways are lined with bungalows, so that one seems to be playing down a green boulevard with the people on either side having their evening cocktails on the terrace, watching. Many of the houses have small, beautifully groomed gardens out front and occasionally a sign that tells you that the bungalow is called Par-a-dise or Budie-House or Shankin-La. Four or five are called The 19th Hole. Usually there is also a sign requesting golfers not to play out of the flower beds. Iron statuary is sometimes set about—flamingoes in the pe-

runias, heavy 20-pound stone frogs peering out from under the box bush, and in one garden I saw iron stands with two-line poems on them—little hemlocks. Edgar Guest verses, I suppose. At night the spotlights are turned on, and the whole garden glows in rose-red.

The bungalows are faced with big plate-glass windows, which are often kept barred against the fine desert air. Air-conditioning units hum. One can look in and see the tall-necked vases in the corner with bright-colored artificial dust mops stuck in them. The floors are marble or parquet. No rugs. The tables are glass-topped and bare. The sofas are white, with round cushions set about on them embroidered with such messages as DON'T RUMOR. The telephones are white and have long white cords. Some of the better-appointed places have swimming pools fronting on the fairways, one of them, I noted, with a *Marsden-Pis* at one end.

On one of the days of the Classic I hit a golf ball into a swimming pool. There was something genuinely funny about the way the ball, bouncing toward the distant pool, took one last big hop and went in, almost in the same rhythm as a diver taking his steps and going off a board. There was good-natured boo-hawing and joshing from the rest of my team as I went up to the edge of the pool and looked in. There were two balls there beside my own. The owner of the property came out of his bungalow. He looked in the pool and shook his head. "Three!" he said. He told me that he had a rake especially constructed with a long telescoping handle to fish the balls out, but it had disappeared. Most likely, he said, it had been borrowed by someone down the lane who also had a pool and the same problem with errant shots popping in.

"How many golf balls does your pool collect, say, during the course of a month?" I asked.

"Oh, she pulls in maybe six or seven a week. We've had 'em drop in while the mousie and I were swimming, you know."

"Oh?"

"Of course, we're more worried about the windows. And the roof." He pointed up at the roof, which appeared to be made of red chimney tiles laid in rows.

"What is that like?"

"Well, it makes a 'hong' sound."

*continued*

*An implausible lie it may be, but a lost ball is definitely in our at Pflugstadt, with one of his partners standing by as we, decides to take an insured dip.*



For once a bystander to the ludicrous, Phlogston sees his pro partner, Larry Manocor, climb a palm tree to hit a shot that saved him from being punished.

"You're under pretty heavy bombardment being where you are," I said.

"On the weekends it can be fairly rough," he said. "After all, you know"—and it was hard to tell if his smile was rueful—"this is the Golf Capital of the World."

#### Questioned by golf's 007

In each tournament I played in California, as our team approached a tee on the back nine somewhere, a man wearing an enormous cast on one foot, the size of a full-grown watermelon, would rise painfully out of a canvas chair and, flipping open a large notebook,

stagger a step or so forward, teeter, steady himself and ask us individually about our golf equipment and apparel. Eddie Darrell, I was told his name was, and he represented golfing manufacturers interested in finding out what equipment golfers, both professional and amateur, were using in the tournaments and, even more important, checking to see that players were using the equipment that they were paid to endorse. He and I always had an odd exchange, and by Palm Springs a wary look would enter his eye when he saw me. He was never quite sure what my participation meant, why I should turn up, with my poor brand of golf, in a succession of big tournaments. Our exchange during the first

round at the Crosby had gone as follows:

"Golf hat?"

"Well, I'm not wearing a hat."

"Golf gloves. What make?"

"None."

"Sweater and shirt?"

"The shirt has an alligator on it. I don't know what the sweater is. I'm sorry."

I didn't tell Darrell that my choice was conscious—that I had wondered vaguely about the awkwardness of, say, outfitting myself in an Arnold Palmer line of clothes and then, by the luck of the draw, having to spend the tournament in the company of Jack Nicklaus. It seemed more sensible to outfit oneself in nondescript clothes.

"How about your shoes?"

"I happen to know what they're called," I said.

"They're Pro-Shu, that's spelled S-H-U."

He made a mark. "All right. Clubs, then."

"Those . . . ah . . . I have. Wilson Staff."

"Golf bag?"

I had bought a new bag; indeed, I had outfitted myself completely, knowing that I could never muster the courage, or even wish, to appear in the garb and with the equipment of my former golfing days. Before my purchases I had golfed out of a white canvas bag that bore the trademark The Canvasback. It was a simple canvas tube in which one could carry a full complement of clubs, just barely, with no room for an umbrella or a shooting stick or anything of that sort. There was a tiny pouch affixed to the side that had enough room for three golf balls and maybe a few tees, no more. The whole ensemble weighed hardly a pound more than the clubs alone, and under it a caddy looked ridiculous and perhaps a bit ashamed, like a teen-age usher escorting a 6-year-old flower girl to her place in the ceremony, his eyes rolling if any of his friends happen to turn from their pews to look at him. It was better to carry The Canvasback oneself.

"That new bag of mine's a Dunlop, I'm pretty sure," I said. I had bought the bag in the late afternoon gloom of a Florida golf shop. It had seemed a deep sensible brown, but when I took it out in the sun the next morning it glowed on-blood, like a rich sausage. "It's a big one, isn't it?" I said to Darrell. I was very proud of it.

Darrell always wanted to know what sort of golf ball I was using.

"I started with a Wilson Staff," I told him one day at Palm Springs.

"Yes, a Wilson Staff." He began writing.

"But then I switched to a Titleist 2."

"Something wrong with the . . . ?"

"I lost them," I said simply.

*continued*





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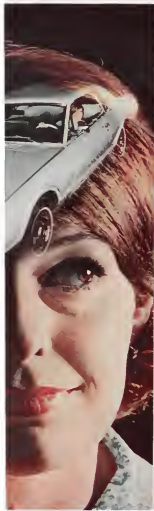
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"That a Titleist 2?" he asked, pointing to the ball I was revolving in my hand.

"The fact is," I said, "it's a Musfli 3." I looked at it to make sure, and it was.

"You must have had a helluva first nine," Darrell said.

He asked me what ball I would play if I had my choice and wasn't forced by necessity to scrounge around in my golf bag and use whatever happened to be at hand. I disappointed him by saying that I hadn't made my mind up and wasn't ever sure that I could. I was going to try a Spalding Dot the next day, I told him, to see if there was any luck for me locked up in that brand.

The professionals Darrell asked, of course, had very distinct preferences about golf balls, which included the numbers on them. Very few touring professionals will play a round with a high-numbered ball, even though most brand-name balls are numbered for identification up to 8 or so. This was explained by Marty Furgot with a fine bit of jubberr-okey logic: "You tell me how you can shoot a 3 with a No. 6 ball!" Jim Ferce won't ever use a No. 3 ball because he feels it might tend to make him three-putt. On the other hand, Ben Hogan, until he founded his own line of equipment, liked to use a Titleist 4.

Golfers are reluctant to talk about such superstitions, as if mention of them could undermine their efficacy. They preferred to speak of them as "habits." Dave Marr said he was in the "habit" of using an even-numbered ball on the Friday and Saturday of a tournament and an odd one on Thursday and Sunday. He told me that when he marked his ball on the putting surface he always faced the coin heads up—unless the coin was in another player's line, in which case, moving the coin a putter's head length away, he would carefully make it tails. "Just a habit," he explained. "And besides, if I see the tails I'll remember to put it back to its original lie."

On the last days at the Desert Classic, when Darrell painfully pushed himself out of his canvas chair and asked me if I had settled on a ball, I told him cheerfully that I hadn't. "I'm still experimenting," I said.

"I hat figures," said Darrell.

### A British contribution

With golf taking up so much of my time, it was not inappropriate that when I had an hour or so to myself loitering around in the motel I would browse in a volume called *The Golfer's Handbook*. It is a British publication, thick as an almanac, and in it is every

conceivable golfing record. You can find out who won the Isle of Wight Ladies' Championship in 1929 (Mrs. P. Snelling).

But the book, for all its statistics, rules and tables, has an odd and refreshing individuality and, indeed, an irreverence about golf which in my difficulties with the game I found very comforting. Most of the character of the book turns up in the section entitled "Miscellaneous," which includes such topics, identified by subheadings, as Freak Matches; Birds and Animals Interfering with Golf Balls and Attacking Players; Dark, Playing In; Golf Links on Fire; Longest Holes; Legless Golfers; Balls Hit to and from Great Heights; etc., etc. The paragraphs under such headings are sprightly and often, typical of British journals such as *Country Life*, are the ultimate in minutiae. For example, the following item of absolutely no consequence, with a bit of ethnic editorializing, appears under the heading *Miscellaneous Incidents and Strange Golfing Facts*: "In a competition at Craigmilly, Edinburgh, 13th May 1939, a player, when looking for his ball in the rough, found seven others. This incident of golfing treasure-trove is all the

more remarkable as it happened in Scotland."

If the editors are interested in little harmless digs of this sort, there is also a somewhat more satanic edge to be found—especially under the odd heading *Hit by Ball—Distance of Rebound*. A number of cases are given. The following is representative: "Mr. R. J. Burton . . . was approaching the green of a blind hole 354 yards long, when his ball struck a caddy, named John M'Niven, on the head as he was replacing the flag in the hole. The ball rebounded 42 yards 2 feet 10 inches, which distance was measured twice in the presence of three people." Thus ends the item, without a word about the caddy, whom I've always imagined sitting delectably on the edge of a bunker, holding his head between his hands while the measuring tapes are being stretched out and someone is calling, ". . . and two feet ten inches. Got that, Edward?" and the other, holding the tape, is saying, "Got it."

Violence fascinates the editors. They have chosen to immortalize the following: "At Texas [the editors are often vague as to exact place-names] Mr. Moody Weaver in a practice swing used such force that he broke his leg in two

*continued*

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSS HALLFORS



His darkest days at the Desert Classic were brightened by the unexpected rebirth of Phlegm's Army, a comely troop of size who found his evil engaging.

pieces." Or this: "At Darwin, Australia, in 1951, a lady, so excited by a successful shot, threw up her hands, stepped back and stumbled over her golf bag. She fell and broke her arms above the wrists."

Since the editors are often scanty with details about items that beg for amplification, one of the particular pleasures of browsing through the *Handbook* is the flow it can give one's imagination. For example, the first item under the heading *Freak Matches* reads: "In 1912, the late Harry Dearth, an eminent vocalist, attired in a complete suit of heavy armor, played a match at Bushey Hall. He was beaten by 2 and 1." One can only lean back and speculate. What sort of a golfer must his opponent have been to allow the armor-clad gent to stay in contention until the 17th hole? Perhaps his game suffered from the embarrassment of playing with someone creaking and swaying down the fairways. Did Dearth do any sudden singing? That could explain it. And sometimes there is an item that is pleasant to visualize, like a cartoon: "At Dunganon Golf Links, County Tyrone, October 1936, a ram attacked two players on the 7th green. They tried to beat it off with their clubs but were unsuccessful. . . ."

I asked the professionals about some of the other happenings of their golfing lives, and Bob Kosburg told me he once hit a shot that went up a drainage into the men's locker room and rolled out on the carpet.

Indeed, our own foursome in the Desert Classic produced a fine odd shot, and the heading *Freak Shots* in *The Golfer's Handbook* took on special significance. Larry Mancour was our professional that day. On one hole at Indian Wells Country Club he drove a three-wood on a line into a high palm just at the edge of the fairway. After we had trudged around the tree for a while it was apparent the ball had not dropped out. Mancour climbed the smooth bole of the palm some 30 feet up and discovered that his ball was impaled on a thorn. He took a swipe at it with an iron, leaning far out from the tree trunk to do so, and brought the ball down with the thorn and a network of friends still attached. No one knew whether Mancour was allowed a free drop, or if he was required to scrape along with the original ball, its branches flopping, until he got to the green, where he presumably could "lift" it and clean it. A marshal appeared and allowed him a free drop. But the rules were not always so lenient. In *The Golfer's Handbook* that evening I found that one R. Andrew, playing for the Hillhouse Cup at Troon, found his ball impaled on a harpin. He had to play the hole with the har-

pin still stuck. It never came out during play, and it was Andrew's estimate that the harpin cost him 10 strokes on that hole.

There was much talk about Mancour's shot that evening, but it could not compare with some of the gems in the *Handbook*. One of the best of them, I think, went as follows: "A member of the Wilderness Club, Kent, drove a ball from the first tee through a window of the professional's shop, where it ended up in a cup of tea which the professional was about to pick up. The cup was undamaged, but the professional was slightly cut by broken glass from the window."

I could always count on the *Handbook*. It was a fine relief from the realities of my travails out on the golf course.

### Massacre at Indian Wells

I kept a vague record of the holes played on my tour—writing in a notebook as I finished each hole, usually scribbling as I waited on the next tee. My most embarrassing string of holes seems to have occurred at Indian Wells. The difficulties began with an odd altercation with the Bob Hope team, which was playing immediately in front of us. With Hope was Phyllis Diller, the comedienne, outfitted in an outlandish Scottish golfing outfit with checked plaid flairs. She was a queen of the tournament, and her group had a large gallery following it. Here's how my notebook reads concerning that day's play:

Thirteenth hole. Nightmare. Drive went off heel of club, bounded away, yards at a hop, and careened into golf cart on the adjoining fairway containing Bob Hope and Phyllis Diller. Latter's laughter had been booming across golf course most of morning. I hurried over. She was laughing no longer. Shot was really quite close. Another foot or so up on the side of the cart and it might have cleared both of them off the seat. Their golf cart had stopped, my ball lying 30 feet or so from rear wheels. Both Hope and Diller were slightly sullen frowns, as did the crowd with them, not unlike looks received when dermatase cup is dropped on crowded patio floor. Smiled wanly and shook head disconsolately. Everyone waiting for me to shoot. Noticed that Diller was wearing tartan hat with out-sized red pom-pom. Propped up beside her in cart was a gag-sized beanie, about 6 feet tall, for use in funny photographs. My caddy hurried up. Both Diller and Hope looking back to watch me make my shot. Played quickly with three-wood, too quickly, and

again hit shot off heel. Moaned. No reaction from crowd. Ball bounced across the 14th fairway into parking lot. Disappeared from view. Called out loudly after caddy, who was hurrying after shot: "Lay it leave!" Meant to say, "Leave it lay," or better, "Don't bother about it, I'm picking up," but in confusion words came out, "Lay it leave!" Heard Diller whisper, "Lay it leave?" Hope said, "Who is that guy?" Hurried off.

Fourteenth hole. Still shaken. Tee shot hopped off heel of club—went not more than 30 yards. Feel like throwing in towel. Sloughed gloomily through grass toward ball. Good eight-iron over tree back into fairway. Fine beanie to green, but it's all too late. Team bogeyed hole. No one looks at me, not even caddy. Approaches sidelong, like a crab, to hand me next club.

Fifteenth hole. A short little per-3. Skanked three shots in a row! Utterly lost. Caddy offers condolences. "It'll come," he says, referring to the return of my skills, but his conviction is not particularly strong. That strange cry, "Lay it leave!" haunts me. What must they have thought?

Sixteenth hole. Hit tree! Let out strange cry. Ball playable. Hit a fine recovery, then a good approach, but the team did not need my putt. About an 88-footer anyway.

Seventeenth hole. Shred drive under tree. Hunched over ball like mushroom collector and punched out with three-iron. Lobbed seven-iron into clump of trees. Popped ball into trap next to green. Blasted out of trap and damned if my ball didn't hit the pro's ball lying on the green. Apologized and picked up.

Eighteenth hole. Large rockslide on right. Drove into rocks. Fortunately, ball ricocheted out. Not a bad lie. Was handed beanie. Drove into rockslide again. Ball did not come out. Gave up. Long walk to green. Spectator.

### How to really lay it leave

As I stood on the 18th tee at La Quinta, the last hole of the last round, I could see the big half-moon of spectators waiting up by the green. Many of them had come with lunches, and they sat there all day on steamer rugs with the open picnic baskets beside them.

Just as I had hit at Monterey in the Crosby, coming up to the 18th green there on the last day of the tournament, I hit a titanic slice, the last wood shot of the tour, the ball soaring toward the desert as if the crowd and that final green would not accept my approach but instead were waving me off like a plane from a socked-in airport. I wandered into the

desert. It was quiet there, with a faint wind stirring the thin wire cage of a tumbleweed, not quite enough to get it moving, so that it quaked slightly. Some blackened sandblasted palms stood on a ridge. The dunes rose in abrupt slopes. I found my ball finally. From where I stood there was no sign of the golf course. The green lay beyond a sand dune, which I toiled up to get a line of direction and then half-slid down, the sand seeping into my golf shoes.

I dug myself in and flailed at the ball. It shanked and spun off toward the ridge with its forlorn palms. I stared after it. The mock-

ery of it, I thought, to finish up almost a month on the pro tour standing in a wilderness beyond the sight of civilization. A photographer took a picture of my difficulties in that forbidding terrain, and it has a surreal quality, as if a golfer had been dropped by parachute with a club and a ball into the depths of the Mohave Desert to play himself back to civilization.

I didn't bother to look for the ball. I put my hands in my pockets, the club stuck under one arm, and when I breasted the dunes I could see the rest of the foursome up on the green putting out. I saw no reason to join

them. I wandered around behind the crowd and headed for the clubhouse. If there was any celebrating being enjoyed on the 18th green, I didn't feel a part of it. Ruefully, I remembered from *The Golfer's Handbook* an account of exaltation on the 18th when a competitor in an open tournament at Harrogate in 1926 was so excited holing a 60-foot putt that he flung his club into the air. Everybody stood looking at him doing his jig of pleasure, the club sailing up above them, and when it came down it hit his partner on the head. He heaved a little groan and sank to the green with a concussion.

ROCKWELL



Alone on a desolate moonscape, the author loses his last caddyship shot on the pro tour, a recovery that was aimed toward the 18th green at La Quinta but which vanished into the bleakness of the desert. And so, with that, did Pileston.

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**ON THE TOUR** *continued*

I mentioned this to someone later, and I said that if anyone had thrown his club in triumph on the 18th at La Quinta, the way my luck was running, even though I was mending my team and heading for the clubhouse, I would have been the one hit on the head.

## **The return to form**

A couple of months later, when spring had come to the East, I went out on a Long Island golf course with a friend, the first time I had handled a club since the sands of La Quinta. He said, remarking on my tour, "I expect you'll be giving me quite a lesson, what with your being out there with all those golf people. I'll want a handicap. You'll have to give me, oh, maybe three strokes a side."

"Well, you're not getting them," I said. "Nothing's happened to my golf. It's the same old sloppy friend you know and cherish."

"I can't believe it," he said.

"Well, you wait," I said.

On the first tee I won the honor and drove. I hit a tremendous straight shot.

"Holy smoke!" my friend said. "You really creamed that one. A sweetheart."

"Yes," I said early. "I managed to get some better on that one."

"What?"

"Well, that's how they describe a good drive out there . . . on the . . . ah . . . tour."

We set off down the fairway, the caddy standing purposefully ahead. A large metal blue disk still attached to my bag identified me as a contestant in the Bob Hope Desert Classic. Along the upper curve it had the name of the tournament, then across the center my name was superimposed on a caricature of the comedian, and along the bottom curve it read *CONTESTANT*. The temptation was to keep the disk on the golf bag, particularly when one thought of the caddies noticing it over the years and saying to each other: "Boy, we're packing for someone today."

"I mean, I did," I said. "What I'll do is give you one stroke a side."

"I should hope so," he said.

I knew it was an absurd arrangement, that nothing had happened to my game. But then again, perhaps something could have happened. Was it possible that the years, after so much grinding and screeching in California, perfectly meshed? The apparatus finally in working order? I could see my ball down the fairway—a fine lie. A good brave shot would fetch the green. My fingers ached for the club. I hurried up to find out.

**END**





## Why did Scott Paper hire John Calvert?



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John Calvert moved up from industrial salesman to Senior Product Manager in less than six years. Other important assignments included Marketing Employment Manager and Detroit District Manager.

That's moving pretty fast. But the Scott Paper Company isn't surprised. They hired John because his background and experience flashed "management ability" from the very start.

He got his management experience early. It started in Army ROTC at the University of California at Berkeley. While he earned his Bachelor's Degree, he also earned his Army commission.

Within a year after graduation, John was serving in Germany, responsible for a unit of 100 men. His job was to inspire them. Teach them. Motivate them. In short, to lead them. And leadership is the major course in Army ROTC.

If you're a college man, or plan to become one soon, take the course that will brand you as a leader. It lasts a lifetime. **ARMY ROTC**



## THE BIG BARK IN THE GARDEN

The world of the show dog is large and complicated, but Percy Roberts knows every corner of it. Next week the finalists will pose and strut for him as he judges the best-in-show for the Westminster Kennel Club

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

At approximately 10:45 next Tuesday night Percy Roberts (*above*), a 77-year-old dog fancier who used to be known to friends as Mr. Alredale, will enter the main ring in Madison Square Garden to judge the best-in-show of the Westminster Kennel Club. Roberts is a professional judge, the first professional to preside over best-in-show at the Garden in 10 years, and he is one of the most knowledgeable dog men who has ever lived. Moreover, he is an old-fashioned sporting type who brings an air of Dickens and Surtees into the ring. English by birth but American by naturalization, Roberts has been deeply involved in what he calls "doggy doings" since he was a lad in Cheshire. As a professional handler, he holds the record of having had four best-in-shows at Westminster, and he twice has won

with dogs that were absolute unknowns.

While in England on a buying trip in the fall of 1933, Roberts happened to spot a female wire-haired fox terrier on a street in Liverpool. The bitch, almost 3, was on the way to a small show with her owner, "a white-collar man," Roberts remembers, "an amateur." She was a bit scruffy about the face and legs, but Roberts was so taken with her natural lines that he immediately struck a deal with the surprised owner and that December shipped her to the U.S. on behalf of Stanley Halle, a New York stockbroker and a client. Named Spicy Bat, she won at Westminster six weeks after arrival. In 1937 Roberts, still handling for Halle, won with another wire bitch, Spicy Pace, a dog that Roberts considers "a jewel," the best he ever has seen. He discovered her in England when she was sent to a

friend's kennel to be serviced. She was then 4, and she never had been in a show in her life.

As a judge, Roberts retains his sharp buyer's eye. "When I step into the ring," he says, "I have the idea that the handlers are trying to sell the dogs to me. I buy the best." All told, Roberts will judge six dogs at Westminster: the pack of the hound, sporting, nonsporting, working, terrier and toy groups. As they parade into the ring with their handlers, Roberts will get insight into their balance and type. After the dogs are lined up for inspection, he will go over each one carefully, running his hands across the mouth, then the foreface, skull, ears, shoulders, back, hindquarters and tail. "The head is the map of the breed," Roberts says. "You look into the mouth to see if the teeth are all right. A man

once said to me after I'd put a dog fourth that he had put it first. I told him the dog had teeth missing. He said that didn't matter, but I said to him, "Try to sell a dog with missing teeth?" Then you feel the dog's skull. On some breeds there should be a balance between the forehead, from the nose to the eyes, and the occiput. Ear carriage is important. The neck is obvious, but the placement of the shoulders is very important. They should be well laid back, so that the dog has a length of stride, and well-laid shoulders give a reach, a grace and elegance to the neck. A dog's back is measured from the point of shoulder to the hipbone. And the tail is important. A Doberman pinscher or a terrier, for example, should have a tail stuck on top. No dog is good without good feet. If a dog stands on all four toes on each foot, you know he's well balanced. His pad—his heel—if it's good, is round like a plum, and it throws his foot forward on the toes." Picking the best-in-show at Westminster should take Roberts no more than 15 minutes. "I know I can pick the best dog," he says. "That's what I'm there for. I'm not that bloody modest."

The American Kennel Club, the ruling authority in dogdom, has licensed only 30 persons as competent enough to judge all 115 recognized breeds. Speaking from on high, the AKC maintains that those 30 "all-rounders" are equal, but in the dog game five or six all-rounders are regarded as tops. Roberts is one of them. Indeed, to call him simply another all-rounder would be like saying that Oliver Wendell Holmes was another member of the Supreme Court.

According to John W. Cross Jr., chairman of the dog show committee of Westminster, "Percy has a way with animals. I don't mean dogs, but *any* kind of animals." In truth, Roberts is an expert on cattle. Although he never has judged cattle, he can become excited by a good Angus, Hereford, Jersey or Guernsey. He is interested in horses, too. Not a gambler, he visits the track just to see the horses and watch them run. When in Sydney several years ago to judge a dog show, he made a special trip to a museum in Melbourne to gaze at the stuffed remains of the great horse Phar Lap. Roberts says, "Why, I'd be interested in a good-looking donkey. Did you ever see cleaner legs than a

donkey has? I mean a *good* donkey. There are some buggers with bumpy legs."

If an animal has quality, Roberts can sense it. On one of his trips to England he happened to see a Rouen duck that struck his fancy. He thought a dog client, who was interested in ducks, might like to have it. The owner agreed to sell the bird to Roberts if he could keep it for another six months to show. Roberts assented, and the duck won best bird at the Royal Agricultural show in London.

With his carefully waxed mustache, Roberts looks very much the country squire. Of medium height, he has a wardrobe given over to paddock boots, high shoes that have been made for him by Hindes of Liverpool for the past 50 years, odd trousers and checked sport coats with nipped-in waists. The coats have extra-large pockets so Roberts can conceal a dog-show catalog and a few pieces of liver. Some breeds, such as the Labrador, are supposed to have a certain expression to the face, and Roberts sometimes uses liver to arouse a dog's attention and see if the expression is up to snuff.

Roberts' father was a Welshman, a horse dealer, who settled in Heswall, a village in Cheshire, buying and selling hunters. Percy was the youngest of seven children. "My father was a good man," Roberts says. "He used to say, 'Always think of the fellow that's coming behind you.' There was never a person he dealt with that he couldn't deal with again. That's something for the horse business! And that's what I've done in dogs. One time the brother next youngest to me bought a horse that had faults. My father saw the horse, and he asked my brother, 'Did he impress you when he first came out of the barn?' My brother said no, but he had thought he could correct the faults. And my father said, 'Never buy a horse that doesn't impress you when he first comes out of the barn.'"

From the beginning, Roberts' passion was dogs, not horses. He hunted ferrets with terriers. He was fascinated by colliers, intrigued by greyhounds and whippets, and obsessed by bulldogs.

When Roberts was 16 he answered an advertisement for a kennelman that had been placed by J. J. Holgate in Doncaster. "I was radiant when he accepted

me," says Roberts. "It was like going to college." Holgate was the premier dogman. As a judge, dealer and breeder, he toured the United Kingdom, the U.S., Europe, South Africa and Russia, and he was known in the canine world as "The Globe-Trotter." Roberts says, "Holgate told me I would learn more from him in six months than I would from anyone else in six years. It was true. I learned dogs from the ground up. I cleaned out the kennel. I exercised the dogs. When I had a spare hour I learned to trim."

Roberts progressed so well that in 1913 Holgate dispatched him to the U.S. on the *Laurion* with half a dozen poodles that had been bought by the Misses Alger and Grace, the latter the steamship heiress, on Long Island. Impressed by the dogs, the ladies offered Roberts a job as a kennelman, and after obtaining Holgate's consent he worked in Great Neck for several months until poodles began to pall. "I was used to a variety kennel," he says. "This was poodles, poodles, poodles."

He then got a job with Vickery Kennels in Burrington, Ill. The owners were Mrs. Augustus V. Crawford and her nephew, Charles Perrin, and their establishment was truly lush. When Mrs. Crawford came to visit the dogs on weekends, a red carpet was unrolled for her. Roberts stayed at Vickery for two years, leaving to become manager of Otto Lehman's kennel in Lake Villa, Ill. While there, he began to suggest the purchase of various dogs he read about in the English dog press. Roberts, however, had not completely gone to the dogs. Friends in Chicago introduced him to a model, Estelle Finger, whom he married in 1917.

After World War I, Roberts quit to go on his own. He worked briefly in the East, rented a farm outside Chicago, then in 1919 moved to Noroton Heights, Conn., where he still lives.

In business as a handler, dog dealer and kennel consultant, Roberts turned to Holgate. "Holgate sent me an Irish terrier, a whippet and a wire," Roberts says. "I sold them all. I realized there was only one kind of dog to deal in: the best. For an enterprising Englishman the U.S. was the place. I started in on the big stuff, and I had my pick. The first big deal I had was with Mr. Stanley Halle in 1922. He wanted a wirehaired

*continued*

dog to go with his bitches. I got him the best wire in England, Deykin Surprise. He won five best-in-shows here in 10 days. I had a winner advertising for me. You didn't make the money off the big dogs, you know. You bought them for \$3,500, and you sold them for \$3,500. The thing was to win. My business was having people build kennels. And if I had a dog that didn't do well, I was dissatisfied before the client was, and I'd take the dog back."

In 1925 Roberts began making trips to England in the spring and fall to buy dogs. He did especially well with Airedales and other terriers, and he was aided in his quests by Holgate and Jim Parkington, a great terrier man who had the Flornell Kennels in Lancashire. On his first trip Roberts struck gold with Sam Warburton, a Yorkshireman with whom he had done business by cable. "Na, my lad, what dost thee?" I said. "How much for the two young dogs and the sire Signal Circuit?" And Sam said, "Na, then, my lad, thee are asking for the cream off the milk." He gave me a price, and I cut a third of it down. We made the deal, and Signal Circuit won the best-in-show at Westminster in 1926 for Mr. Halle. That was a good year. I won best-in-show, best brace, best team—a grand slam."

On his many trips abroad, Roberts was never at a loss to put time to use. Once when he failed to buy a promising Dalmatian in Colchester, he took the local train, a "stopper," back to London. "I get on with my Gladstone bag, and I sit down in my compartment to read a dog paper," he recalls. "We come to a stop, and I look out to see the station is Tiptree. 'Tiptree!' I say, 'This is where that chap keeps the whippets!' I get off, and I ask a man, 'Does a fellow named Wilkins live here?' And he says, 'Which one?' And I say, 'The one that keeps the whippets.' He tells me, I take a taxi 10 miles to the house, I knock on the door and I say, 'My name is Roberts, and I'm looking for pups.' He had a litter 5 months old, two white-and-blue bitches and three fawns. I bought the two bitches and shipped them to Parkington's place, because I've got dogs coming from all over England. Well,

the bitches got distemper but, contrary to what you'd expect, the best lived. I brought her over when she was 9 months old. I called Mrs. George A. Anderson, who had given me an order for a dog, not a bitch, and I said, 'I've got a sweet bitch that will do a lot of winning when she's ready.' Mrs. Anderson bought her, and she won 21 best-in-shows. Champion Flornell Glamorous, biggest-winning whippet up to that time."

Roberts never knew where he was going to find a superb dog. He discovered Beatham Skittle, a lovely Dandie Dinmount terrier, swimming a brook in Scotland, and he tracked down King Son, later a celebrated greyhound, in a navy's chicken coop. "Poor bugger was skin and bones, but such a beautiful frame," Roberts says. "I could never win a best-in-show with him. He'd been a coursing dog, and whenever he'd see a Plover or a Peke he'd go haywire."

At a British show Roberts would make his move when the show was over. "All people care about is the winner," he says. "No one gives a damn about seconds—they're losers—and that's where I came in." Under expert hands, a loser shown poorly at Birmingham could prove to be best at Morris & Essex.

He was buying in England when the crash came in '29. "I bought more dogs anyway," he recalls. "I landed in New York in December with 32 dogs. I said to myself, 'Somebody's made some money somewhere. I've got to find him.' Six weeks, and I'm out of the hotel! Six months later people began to believe the Depression." He did not go abroad again until 1933.

In the fall of 1936 Roberts made his greatest haul in England. After a tough voyage back to New York in December aboard the *Scythia*, he landed with 25 dogs, "not a dud among them." There was the Irish setter, Red Sails of Salmagundi, "one of the only sporting dogs that beat My Own Brucie." There was the Gordon setter, Barnlake Brutus. "Went down in history." There was the coursing greyhound, King Son. And there was Spicy Piece, winner at Westminster six weeks later. Stanley Halle happened to be in London when Roberts bought Spicy Piece for him at Parkington's kennel in Lancashire. They talked on the telephone, and Halle asked if Roberts had found anything. "The best wire in the world!" Roberts fairly shouted. "What, again?" asked Halle.

World War II halted Roberts' expeditions to England, and when the war was over things were not quite the same. Holgate was dead. Parkington was dead. There was, Roberts says, "a different crowd." On the night of February 22, 1951, at the conclusion of the Eastern Dog Show in Boston, he retired as a handler, dealer and kennel consultant to become a judge. He had shown his first dogs in the U.S. at the same show in 1914.

Professional judging offers small fees, but Roberts was comfortably off and judging allowed him to keep up with doggy doings. In 1951 and 1952 he was voted Judge of the Year by his peers. A judge may win the award only twice, but it is a tribute to Roberts' abilities that his name has been placed in nomination several times since.

Roberts accepts invitations to judge as they are received in the mail. On occasion he has had to reject an assignment at a prestige show because he already has agreed to work at a smaller show. "It's the little shows that make the big shows," he says. As of now, he is fully committed through 1967, and he has 12 shows booked for 1968. Roberts has judged all over the U.S. and Canada, and also in England, Ireland, New Zealand, Australia, Tasmania, Colombia, Venezuela and Brazil. The one assignment that always eluded him was best-in-show at Westminster. He had judged breeds there and even a group, but the club had continued to call on amateurs to judge best-in-show.

In April of 1965 the members of the dog show committee of the Westminster Kennel Club met to decide on judges for the 1967 show. The committee agreed to invite Percy Roberts, a professional, to judge best-in-show. A few days later John W. Cross Jr., the committee chairman and an old client of Roberts, phoned him at home and asked if he might drop by. Roberts told him to come over, and after Cross arrived they chatted about other matters for a while, and then Cross said, "Percy, the Westminster Kennel Club would like to offer you the invitation to judge best-in-show on February 1967." Very moved, Roberts mumbled, "Of course, Mr. Cross, of course." There was a pause, and Cross, preparing to leave, said, "Percy, the club will be very happy to know of your acceptance." Percy Roberts pulled himself together and said softly, "This is the climax to a career." END



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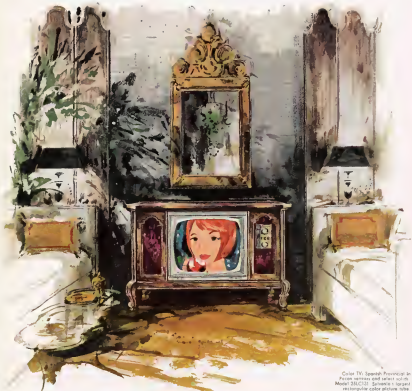
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They will not throw out the first ball in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium for eight weeks, but the scoreboard already shows a strikeout against the home team. Jerry Hoffberger, who owns both the Orioles and Baltimore's National Brewing Company, put in a bid of \$27,500 for the scoreboard advertising rights at the city-owned stadium, but found the other day that his offer was topped by a \$41,900 bid from the F. & M. Schoefer Brewing Company of Brooklyn. The Dodgers have scored at last.

Hired: **Bones McKinley**, former Wake Forest basketball coach, who used to get into such a frenzy that he once tried using a seat belt to keep himself benched, as a tranquilizer salesman for a North Carolina drug company.

After three wins in three weeks, Grand Prix driver **Jim Clark** might well have had reason to think he could beat his opposition in New Zealand with a horse and buggy. But the pace proved too tough for him when he swapped his 240-hp Lotus for a one-hp sulky (*below*). After driving an appropriately named trotter, Royal Scot, a

few laps around a Christchurch training track, Clark turned in his silks. "The horse steered all right, but there aren't any brakes," he said. Told he was going only 28 mph, Clark replied, "It seemed a whole lot faster from where I was sitting."

A few days after his wedding **Paul Hornung's** book, *Football and the Single Man*, was marked down from \$4.95 to \$1.49 in a Beverly Hills, Calif. bookstore.

When he retired as a player a couple of years ago, a group of St. Louis businessmen commissioned a \$50,000 bronze statue of **Stan Musial**, who is now the Cardinals' general manager. The work, which is nearing completion in the Alexandria, Va. studio of Sculptor Carl Christian Mose, will be placed in front of Busch Memorial Stadium sometime this summer. Mose, a baseball devotee who played as a semipro in Chicago 45 years ago, says, "The most important thing in the work was tying the whole thing together, making it drop into one piece—the uniform, the face, the hands and the bat." Once the statue is in place, the

Cardinals' owners will find their general manager hard to shove around. Musial will be 10 feet tall, weigh a ton and stand on an eight-foot granite pedestal.

Florida Senator **George Smathers**, concerned that legislation to protect the alligator doesn't have enough teeth in it, has introduced a bill in the Senate that will make alligator-napping a federal offense, subject to a \$1,000 fine and two years in prison. Noting that 1,000 alligators were killed in the Everglades in 1966 by poachers seeking to cash in on the public demand for skin shoes and handbags, Smathers said, "The alligator is one of the few living links with the prehistoric world and it should be preserved." One byproduct of his bill would be some added protection for Albert, the alligator mascot of Smathers' alma mater, the University of Florida, who has led a scale-raising existence in recent years. He has been kidnapped three times and not long ago was assaulted with a hatchet by students. Albert's molars may now have to face the Feds.

Britain's splashy hairdresser, **Vidal Sassoon**, stays in the swim of things by butterflyflying up and down a pool in London three mornings each week. Recently he emerged dripping with a new idea for a haircut. "My latest creation [*right*] is ideally suited for swimmers," says Sassoon. "All they have to do when they come out of the water is run their fingers through their hair and it will fall into place." To get the proper effect Sassoon first gives a customer a permanent wave, then cuts the curls off, leaving the kinks. The cost to be curled and clipped: \$22 in London, \$25 in his New York and Washington salons.

The Montreal Canadiens, defending Stanley Cup champions, have been dozing in fourth place during most of the NHL season. The other day a hypnotist called Canadian Coach **Toe Blake**

and offered to help cure the team's slump. "My powers are so great," said the hypnotist, "that I could put all your players to sleep over the telephone." "My problem," replied Blake, "is trying to wake them up."

The whole story behind the trade of Maury Wills to Pittsburgh and who received who for what, is finally out. The Pirates got Wills all right, but the Dodgers got Bob Bailey, Gene Michael and a two-day quail shoot for Manager **Walt Alston**. While the trade was being arranged in Columbus, Ohio during the big-league meetings, Pittsburgh Manager **Harry Walker** told Alston about the lush bird-hunting country of southeast Alabama. An avid wildlife photographer, Alston said a quail hunt ought to be included in the trade. So two weeks ago Walker took time off from his hardware business in Leeds, Ala. to squire Alston around a nearby plantation. Alston shot more with his camera than he did with his gun (eight birds) and at the end of his stay wondered about a return invasion. Consider it, Harry May-be Don Dreydile and...



## Labor pains of a new league

Conceived as a public relations package and born amid confusion, the American Basketball Association has solid financial backing

Constantine Seredin is a lean, smooth Yaleman whose favorite words are "divine" and "concept" and who prefers to discuss "national media contact" rather than publicity. His Professional Sports Management Co., Inc. specializes in bringing together athletes and ad agencies. John McShane is a plump, congenial public relations man who used to be an all-night disc jockey on Gene Autry's radio station KMPC in Los Angeles and once ran, unsuccessfully, for Congress. Last week, after more than a year of intrigue, planning and recruiting, McShane and Seredin gathered 18 men—mostly young and mostly Californians—at New York's St. Regis-Sheraton Hotel to launch the American Basketball Association and to hire former pro star George Mikan as commissioner.

Naturally, a league hustled up by two PR men needs a snappy Great Society

slogan and the ABA's is The Lively League, the liveliness presumably supplied by owners, because there are no players as yet. But there is much more involved than promoter's subtleties—rumors of the ABA's impending arrival helped prompt the entrenched National Basketball Association to grant franchises to San Diego and Seattle. The ABA is the first rival of the NBA since the American Basketball League folded on the last day of 1962 after slightly more than one season. In the ABA there is just one holdover ownership from the ABL, Art Kim and James Ackerman, who operated in Honolulu and then Long Beach, Calif. in the unsuccessful league, will try again in Anaheim, across the street from Disneyland in a soon-to-be-completed convention center.

Anaheim is a part of Orange County, the booming area just south of Los An-

geles which practically controls the new league. ABA President Gary Davidson, an owner of the Dallas entry, has a law practice in the Orange County seat, and one of his law partners, Donald J. Regan, is part owner of the league's floating franchise, which could settle down anywhere from Atlanta to Phoenix. Dennis Murphy, an Oakland owner along with Singer Pat Boone, is a former mayor of Buena Park in Orange County (and so is PR Man John McShane, who will probably be "league administrator," whatever that is). John Klug of the Dallas club lives in Orange County, L. P. Shulds and Fred Jefferson of the Minneapolis team live and run a development company there, Kansas City Owner James Trindle (an L. A.-area resident) has an engineering firm there which employs Murphy of the Oakland team, and so on. Plainly there will be a depression around Disneyland if the ABA flops and, just as plainly, there will be some bloc votes at league meetings.

The organization meetings in the St. Regis were run by McShane and Mark Binstein of the New York franchise (which hopes to make a home court of the Singer Bowl, located at the site of the World's Fair, by putting a roof on it). It was all slightly confusing. Houston did not show up the first day but sent a representative the next day with the \$6,000 entry fee. The Indianapolis group arrived just before the Thursday deadline, after which the price was to shoot up to a minimum of \$25,000. Two men from Cleveland were there the first day, left that night, sent a telegram the next day saying they wanted in, were accepted by return wire and were never heard from again. Pittsburgh's Gabe Rubin, a theater owner, put in his money with the proviso that another Eastern team would be added, hopefully Cleveland (Indianapolis satiated him). A St. Louis group wanted an but was stymied when Ben Kemer, owner of the NBA's St. Louis Hawks, decided to keep his team there. (The ABA is bucking the NBA in only three metropolitan areas—Los Angeles, San Francisco-Oakland and New York.)

Sean Downey, 34, son of Singer Morton Downey, put in his check for the New Orleans group he heads. A few weeks earlier he was involved in trying to get the St. Louis Hawks for Louisiana, and the deal seemed closed when a \$25,000 check, not written by Downey, bounced. A good check was quickly



BOSS GEORGE MIKAN, BEST PLAYER IN THE ABA, ADDRESSES OWNERS AND PRESS

submitted, he said, but too late to save himself and New Orleans some embarrassing national publicity. Anyway, none of the other ABA owners seemed worried about his financial stability.

Connie Seredin, carefully watching over each business session, read a proposed publicity release for the owners' approval, and it listed himself and McShane as the ABA's "founders and organizers." The owners said no. Then Seredin suggested an "assisted by Constantine Seredin and John McShane" phrase, but the owners killed that, too. Neither man complained, but neither was pleased.

In one of the first bloc votes, the Orange County contingent, with the help of Pittsburgh, elected Gary Davidson president of the league. By prior agreement, the Californians then joined en masse to put Gabe Rubin of Pittsburgh in as vice-president. New President Davidson had one arm in a cast, the result of an injury suffered while playing basketball (by gosh, the owners are lively). But who was president was not nearly as vital as who would be commissioner.

Despite earlier rumors about such diverse people as Sandy Koufax and General Curtis LeMay, the commissioner committee considered hardly anyone but Mikan, a 6'-10" Minneapolis attorney who was first-team All-NBA for six straight seasons with the Minneapolis Lakers in the late '40s and early '50s. Committee members phoned Mikan right after the first general meeting in the St. Regis Tuesday afternoon and persuaded him to fly to New York. He presented his terms Wednesday—a three-year contract at \$65,000 per year. The owners' opening bid was \$50,000. They settled on a figure somewhere between, and Mikan got his three years' tenure.

Mikan actually did not give his answer until late Thursday morning, the very day of the press conference that was to announce the league's existence. James Ware, one of the New Orleans franchise holders, got him on the phone in the morning, and Mikan said, "Call me after 11, and I should know something." Ware called back, but he is a politician (he recently ran for state comptroller in California) and he did not want to apply any pressure, so he dillydallied around, asking for advice on cities with good potential and telling Mikan that an Indianapolis group

was hot to come in. Finally he said:

"What is your decision?"

"James, I'm your new commissioner," answered Mikan.

"God bless you," said Jimmy Ware.

When Mikan showed up at the meeting room in the St. Regis, he was surrounded by owners anxious to congratulate him and be photographed shaking his hand. Some of them, like Rubin, barely came up to his tie clasp. Mikan also stood tall at the subsequent press conference, which would have been a public relations fiasco without him.

The extravaganza was staged at the Hotel Carlyle, Harry Truman's and the Kennedys' favorite in New York and thus a logical choice for image-conscious Connie Seredin. The room was too small and was cluttered by nonnewsmen, and some of the young owners, most notably President Davidson, 32, clearly had had little experience talking to the press. The announcement was made for television cameras while newspapermen unhappily waited for their chance behind the hot lights. Some announcers returned the favor by being downright nasty. One of them cornered Mark Binstein of the New York franchise, could not elicit any straight answers about raiding the NBA and finally snarled, "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen." A TV cameraman felt it was his right to walk out with one of the new basketballs used for decoration and was indignant when a Pittsburgh owner would not give it up. The atmosphere was so hostile that one owner said, "I'm going to get a pad and pencil and pretend to be writing so I can get out of here alive!"

Things became saner when the floodlights dimmed and TV went home. After two or three false starts, a press conference got started in an adjoining room and Mikan was impressive despite being just a few hours on the job. His answers were straight and reasonably complete. He said there would be no raids on the NBA, but "we hope, of course, that some big stars and others will be in a position to come to us; if they are free, we want to talk to them."

Thus, a league was born—a divine package of community-penetration concepts and national-media contact, not to mention consumer preference. With George Mikan's help, perhaps the package will contain basketball players and profits, too.

END

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ON WAY TO FIRST WIN OF SEASON, MATSON GETS OFF NEPTY HEAVE AT SAN DIEGO

## Now two wizards of oomph

The world's best shotputter, Randy Matson, is a big man to challenge, but an ex-runt from the University of Oregon is making him strain

Except for a band playing explosive excerpts from the *William Tell* Overture, periodic pistol reports and cries of "popcorn" bellowed, inevitably, at the exact moment when the time for a race is being revealed, an indoor track meet bears strong resemblance to an anthill. San Diego had its first taste of life in a formicary last week at its new International Sports Arena, and its meet went off as expected—but without a band. No matter. Sprinters, vaulters, jumpers and distance runners were at it nonstop. But for all this exercising, it was two brooding young giants, both of whom looked as if they were trying to hate everything in general and each other in particular,

who kept the crowd in a state of high agitation.

There was Randy Matson, 6'6½", 360 pounds, the acknowledged wizard of oomph, the Texas A&M senter who did not merely break the world shotput record but demolished it two years ago with a heave of 70' 7¼"—and he was one throw away from losing for the second consecutive time. Who could be brash enough, strong enough, mean enough to challenge Randy Matson?

Front and center: Neal Steinhauer, one and a half inches shorter, 10 pounds heavier than the record holder, and a gentle, kindly man with an impish sense of humor. If he does not become the

greatest shotputter of them all, it will be because he has pushed Matson into an orgy of brand-new records.

Consider the results last Saturday night. There was no record, but Matson, who usually wraps things up on his first or second put, had to get off a throw of 66' 10¼" on his last try—eight inches better than Steinhauer's best of the night—to win. Yes, sir, the race is on. Steinhauer had beaten Matson five weeks before in San Francisco, and nothing like that had happened to Randy since 1964. The win was no fluke. Matson's toss, 64' 6", was his best ever indoors, and it was still a bit more than two feet short of Steinhauer's, a record. If Matson did not get the message then, he must have gotten it when he heard that Steinhauer had won at a meet in Portland, Ore. with a put of 67' 10", a second record.

To look at him as a 15-year-old boy, Neal Claude Steinhauer, 128 pounds of pure uncoordination, seemed least likely to lift a shotput off the ground, let alone break records with it. Except for a vast appetite, Steinhauer was far on to becoming the runtiest fellow Eugene, Ore. ever produced. But that appetite! It was some 120 pounds later, when Neal was drinking up to 545 worth of milk each month, that a friend asked his father why he didn't buy a cow. "We did," said Luther Steinhauer. "Neal ate it."

Little Neal grew five inches in his 16th year and had reached a more dignified weight of 150 when the captain of his choose-up track squad suggested that, in the absence of any specific talent, he might try throwing a 12-pound shot. Steinhauer said, "Why not?" and got off a toss of 38'. It did not start a stampede of eager track coaches rushing in his direction, but it was good enough for a first in the pickup meet and, more important, it rang the same kind of bell that such athletes as Jim Ryan, Johnny Unitas and Willie Mays are said to hear: to wit, "I can, with a little luck, lots of hard work and unswerving devotion, become the best in the world."

Steinhauer's supreme effort in his senior year at North Eugene High School was only sixth best in the state. How's that for promise? If that bell sounded suspiciously like a false alarm to other people, it did not to Steinhauer. Off went Neal to Westmont College in Santa Barbara, Calif., a healthy 200-pounder by

dant of long sessions with the weights. By the time he decided to transfer to the University of Oregon the next year he was consistently putting over 50 feet.

Bill Bowerman, who has been coaching track at Oregon since 1948, was not able to use Steinhauer in 1964 but he discovered two things. Steinhauer had excellent speed, and it is Bowerman's conviction that if a boy cannot go lickety-split for at least 25 yards he will be incapable of exploding with that brief frenzy of power needed in the shotput ring. And Steinhauer had desire. Bowerman spied him digging his shot out of the Oregon mud time after time and letting it fly again. "Desire" was Bowerman's word. "Ya gotta wanna," was the way Steinhauer put it.

Whatever the motive, when it came time to move indoors, an Oregon gym began to take an awful beating. The shotputters are confronted with a wall 55 feet from the indoor practice ring, and by the time the first indoor meets of 1965 came up Steinhauer was happily bouncing the 16-pound shot off it. Not only was he ruining the wall, he kept knocking out the overhead light bulbs—30 feet up—indicating a very formidable arc. "I kept knocking them out," he said. "But they kept replacing them."

Word of such prowess had not swept the state, however, and when Steinhauer showed up for his first indoor meet, wearing a Westmont College sweatshirt, he was perhaps the least noticed athlete in the building. After five throws of more than 60', one sportswriter broke five consecutive pencils circling his name in the program. And Steinhauer firmly, if rather unexpectedly, was established as one of the best shotputters in the country.

But so far Steinhauer had fought only half the battle. He was also learning about the fine art of psychological warfare as conducted by the shotputting masters. Parry O'Brien, who was making a comeback at the ripe old age of 34, was full of kindness and good advice for Neal—until they met in combat. "Steinhauer went up to O'Brien all smiles," said Bowerman, "and Parry cut him dead. Neal was easily two feet better, but O'Brien beat him by a foot."

Nor was that the end of it. "Everywhere I went," said Steinhauer, "there was Mr. O'Brien. Everyone knew I could get the shot out farther than he could

and he kept right on beating me. The last time I had one over 63' and what does Parry do? Sixty-four. That's better than he's ever done in his life."

With Matson, it was a different problem. "I guess I just got it in my head that he was better than I was," said Steinhauer. In the AAU championships last year, for instance, Matson was struggling and it appeared obvious that his 64-footer was the best he had that day. "Gee, I should have eaten him alive," said Steinhauer. "But I kept thinking, he's the champion, he's done 70. Well, I talked myself right out of that one. That 64' 2 3/4" put was his best and mine was 64' 1/2". School!"

Before their meeting in San Diego last weekend, Randy Matson was sure that it was going to take something more than a psychological edge to beat his latest and most dangerous rival. "Steinhauer's improved," Matson said in Texas. "He's always had good technique, but there's a point where technique ends and strength begins. He's getting that strength."

Matson had that strength, too, but also a bad knee and a strong disinclina-

tion to put the shot indoors. The indoor shot, a steel ball enclosed in latex rubber, is half an inch to an inch bigger than the 16-pound shot used outdoors. "It loses its shape when it hits the floor," said Matson, "and I never have felt at home with it."

But Matson hates to lose. He had hoped to remain undefeated until the '68 Olympics and to win the gold medal in Mexico City. The disappointment of having lost to Steinhauer had served as a goad, according to his coach, Charley Thomas. "We underestimated Steinhauer. We kept hearing he was throwing only 61' and we really didn't prepare, because Randy progresses slowly. But Neal was throwing 65 and 66 in warm-ups. Randy worked harder the next week and I think he proved something when he threw the outdoor shot 67' in practice. If his knee holds up I think he'll surpass 70' this season. He's in the best physical condition of his life and, you know, Randy rises to the competition."

He sure does, and so does Neal Steinhauer. It should be a whale of a year for the oomphers.



STEINHAUER, WHO GAINED 120 POUNDS IN SIX YEARS, PREPARES FOR WEIGHTY WORK

## A safari to the dour moors of Scotland

If a shooting trip to County Caithness can be taken as a criterion, Winchester-Western has a good thing going in its hunting-tour plan, and sportsmen who have been burned by unreliable outfitters can take heart

A year ago this spring a knowledgeable big-game hunter from Massachusetts set out for Africa to go on a three-week river-boat safari. Everything had been planned months in advance. The letters from the white hunter had glowingly described the abundance of game, the tranquility of the river at night and the comforts of houseboat living. But when the hunter arrived, he discovered that 1) the river was bone dry and had been for three months, 2) even if the river had been brimming, thick clumps of weeds made it unsavagable for most of its length; and 3) the "luxurious home afloat" was in reality a badly battered barge with a fiberboard shack for a cabin. This unfortunate experience

is not as uncommon as it might seem. Talk with any 10 Americans who have hunted or fished outside the U.S. and you will hear tale after sad tale of sleazy outfitters, drunken guides, tasteless food, poor accommodations, and on and on. More often than not, these sportsmen have been swindled by outfitters who sell through intriguing advertisements in outdoor magazines and by direct mail. Often equally unreliable are those travel agents who sell hunting trips as sidelines to their regular tourist business, agents who have had no firsthand experience in the countries, let alone with the outfitters they are representing. Thus the problem for sportsmen has been not so much where to go, but whom to believe. Now, happily, an organization that can be believed proposes to help solve the problem: Winchester-Western, makers of sporting arms and ammunition, is going into the travel business. Under the name Winchester Safaris, the company is offering package hunting tours to nine foreign countries as well as to Alaska and several areas in the continental U.S. The tours, which will be sold through key Winchester dealers, run the gamut from duck, goose and dove shooting in Baja California to wild boar, puma and stag hunting on the Argentine pampas, brown bear in Alaska, red-legged partridge in Portugal, a tiger shikar in India and African safaris in Kenya and Tanzania.

"It all began a year ago when we took a hard look at the future of recreational shooting in the U.S.," says Winchester's Jack Peat. "Our first major endeavor had been the Winchester public trap and skeet program [SI, Jan. 17, 1966]. The next step, started last year, was a shooting and hunting seminar program, in which we develop new shooters—men, women and children—from the ground up, by offering a weekend of instruction in gun safety and handling, as well as shooting at clays and game birds on a preserve. Winchester Safaris is a natural extension of this—to promote new and

exciting places, with the Winchester seal of approval, for Americans to shoot."

During the past year Winchester representatives and Peter Capstick, the president of Sportsmen International, Inc., a Manhattan-based travel agency that specializes exclusively in hunting and fishing, personally surveyed all of the areas on the list. None of the tours will be curate, nor will they be so expensive that only a select few can afford to sign up. Says Peat: "We are offering a variety of total service tours, with shooting and all the other arrangements—licenses, gun permits, guides, beaters and interpreters where necessary, and fishing whenever it is available—as promised. We will also be in constant touch with all of our outfitters. Thus if there is a poor partridge nesting season in Portugal and the shooting prospects look bad we'll cancel tours to Portugal."

Winchester is well aware that it is putting its reputation on the line, but if a recent survey trip to the company's setup in Scotland is any indication, Winchester's gamble will permit Americans to shoot around the world with complete confidence.

The county is Caithness, a remote part of northeast Scotland. The view from the manor house, Lochdhu (black lake), is a vast stretch of rolling hills covered with heather and peat and cut by scores of gurgling becks and burns. The laird of the manor is the Hon. Robin Sinclair, a tall, imposing man in kilt and other sporrans, hobnail brogues, trench coat and deer-stalker hat. Sinclair controls some 60,000 acres of grouse and stag moors, as well as the salmon fishing rights on the peat-stained Thurso River (1,636 salmon for 58 rods last year) and 25 inky lochs full of Loch Leven trout. Except for his schooling in England and five years as an RAF fighter pilot during World War II, Sinclair has spent his life on the Caithness moors, and he still finds them formidable.

But not even the wild land is quite as formidable as Lochdhu, a rambling



ROBIN SINCLAIR, THE LAIRD OF LOCHDHU

heavy-stoned Victorian castle that was built in 1895 as a rustic shooting lodge by Sinclair's great-grandfather, Sir Tolle-mache. Sinclair has remodeled the building and made it more comfortable for shooting and fishing guests.

"Oddly enough," says Sinclair, "Sir Tolle-mache was not a sporting man, but he was a businessman. At the turn of the century Lochdhu was let for £1,000, a lot of jolly at the time. But the sport was really quite respectable."

The sport is still quite respectable—and reasonable enough by today's standards. A Winchester safari to Lochdhu—a week of "mixed sport" that includes grouse shooting, stag stalking, salmon and trout fishing from late August through the first week of October—costs about \$750, not including air fare. Sinclair also offers, at lower prices, "rough shooting" for duck, snipe, partridge and pheasant, as well as stalking hinds (female red deer) from early November through January 15.

The red-grouse shooting on Sinclair's moors has always been done over well-trained English and Gordon setters. "If our bags aren't impressive by driven-shoot standards [a good average for two guns on a leisurely day's shooting is 10 brace]," says Sinclair, "they are big enough for most Americans used to far smaller limits. We can shoot our beats longer than we could by driving birds, and we can offer the sport at a more reasonable price."

The English sporting magazine *The Field* has compared the flight of a covey of red grouse to "bumpers bowled six at a time at cricket." What this means to American shooters is that the grouse uses every peat hag and heather clump to dip and dodge behind, and the most experienced guns may miss more birds than they bag.

The fact that Sinclair can offer sporty shooting at wild grouse year after year is due to what he calls personal—or, if you will, empirical—game management. "One simply can't entirely rely on God and nature to keep the grouse coming," says Sinclair. "So the gamekeepers assess the breeding stock on each beat, and then I set the bookings accordingly. In other words, we can set our own limits without imposing any bag limits on our shooting guests."

His salmon fishery on the spring-fed Thurso River has allowed Sinclair even greater leeway for empirical manage-

ment. Sinclair has made it productive by simply putting in little stems at the tails of pools. He has also used earth-moving machinery to create new pools that produce fish all season long.

The Thurso River also boasts its own hatchery—one of the few private Atlantic salmon hatcheries in the world. Sinclair hatches one million eggs a year—some for stocking the Thurso and the rest to be used in other rivers in Scotland and abroad.

The fishing records on the Thurso date from 1860 and are known to be the most detailed of any in Great Britain. Many historical figures have fished the Thurso, and River Superintendent David Sinclair (no relation to Robin) is quick to point out that the Queen Mother herself is partial to the Thurso. "The Queen Mum is a verra keen and verra decent fisher," says David.

Next to bringing a good salmon to the gaff on the Queen Mum's favorite river and scoring a left-right double on grouse, the most honorable thing for a sportsman to do in Caithness is bag a good stag in the deer forest. The proper term is deer forest, but on the Caithness moors the cover through which one stalks the red stag would hardly hide a ground hog. (A professional stalker like Richard Munro, the head gamekeeper at Lochdhu, will suggest that his "gentleman" not shoot until he is close enough—preferably within 100 yards—to the stag, and then only when a sure killing shot is possible.) "The stalk," explains Sinclair, "can be a bit arduous. It often involves crawling for an hour or two of commando style in single file, through soggy heather and sometimes through a burn, your goal a wee tussock on which you can rest your rifle for a prone shot. Then you might have to lie there for quite a time waiting for a clean shot—with your tummy in a puddle and your back exposed to a shower of sleet."

After such misery one looks forward to drying out with a glass or two of smoky malt whiskey, taken neat in front of a pungent peat fire. Dinner follows—fresh smoked Thurso salmon, thick turnip broth, roast grouse and bread-and-butter podding—and after a glass of sweet port, one is ready to stretch out with a hot-water bottle and a heavy down comforter. And "na tae worry about the ghost in the southwest tower." It is only that nonsportsman Sir Tolle-mache totting up his lolly.

END



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best girl) back on  
your feet in a hurry



**PALLACANESTRO IS**





*Basketball in Italy is something else again—like Jupiter, says Doug Moe, one of the U.S. stars playing there. Referees all but root for the home team, and who can blame them, since fans are so rabid (left) they threaten to make every game a riot*

BY JACK OLSEN

**T**he former All-America basketball player, Douglas Moe, of Brooklyn and the University of North Carolina and Elon College, now finds himself, at the advanced age of 28, playing in fogbound northern Italy, and we pick up the action as he takes a pass at midcourt and heads into enemy territory, dribbling like Meadowlark Lemon. He absorbs a home-team elbow in the side without breaking stride. He fakes an opposing guard right down to the floor and then nimbly steps over the strategically outstretched foot. He weaves through a traffic jam in the foul circle, lays the ball up perfectly and descends into a threshing machine of enemy elbows, knees and fingernails. "Spiegere!" the referee shouts, and signals that Moe has pushed and therefore the basket does not count. He hands the ball over to the home team, while the partisan crowd applauds the lunatic decision, and Doug Moe takes up his defensive position with no show of annoyance. "I'm used to it," he explained later. "It's another world. It's Jupiter."

A dozen or so Americans are playing in the Jupiter of Italian basketball (or *basket* or *pallacanestro*) with mingled joy and discontent. Until last season foreigners were banned from the Italian leagues, but the level of play was so poor the authorities decided to permit each team a transfusion of one foreigner. Immediately the 12 teams of the big league recruited 11 Americans (including Bill Bradley of Princeton and Oxford) and one Yugoslav, treated each one like King Farouk and watched the game soar in popularity. But of the Americans who went over in the first wave only three returned this season, forcing the Italian teams to recruit eight new Americans, one of whom has already gone AWOL from the team in Leghorn. And Doug Moe, the first American player to arrive in Italy, has vowed not to play after this season. "It's a dead-end street," Moe said. "They treat you great, but what do you have when you're finished playing here? I'm going to North Carolina and teach school."

The best Italian basketball league is made up of 12 teams which are supported to varying degrees by publicity-hungry Italian businessmen and which play in the soggy, bone-chilling north of Italy, a piece of real estate that rivals Novosibirsk for pure winter misery. To most of the American basketballers, one season of Italy in midwinter is more than enough. Milan and Venice and Padua and other northern Italian towns are at almost the same latitude as Duluth,

*continued*

## THE RAGE

Milen., and if they do not experience Duluth's occasional dip down to 30° below, neither does Duluth experience northern Italy's constant saturating fogs and rains. "My feet stay cold all winter," said Moe's wife, Jane, who was brought up on a tobacco farm in North Carolina and has found the going rough in the old country.

"At first there wasn't anything we liked about it," Moe said in the family's terraced two-bedroom apartment in Padua's "Garden City," where Moe and his wife and their two preschool boys have lived, all expenses paid, for the last two winters. "They put us in a hotel, and we didn't speak the language, we couldn't move around, we had no car, nothing. A couple of the players on the team spoke English and they tried to help us, but we couldn't understand anything anybody else said, and it was depressing, and we were freezing to death, and there was nothing to do with our free time." The Moes are not serious Shakespearean scholars, but they would have taken violent issue with Lucentio in *The Taming of the Shrew*, one of a handful of plays Shakespeare set in what is now Italy's fanatical basketball region. Lucentio spoke of a "great desire I had to see fair Padua, nursery of arts," and went on:

*... I have Pisa left  
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves  
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.*

What made the Moes hang on was not any satiety that was immediately available in the ancient town of Padua, but the wondrous goings-on down at the gym, where the 6'5" former Tar Heel was taking the leading role in what the Italian press came to call "a homemade miracle."

Moe had been signed on to play for Unione Sportiva Petrarca, the David of the league, a sort of church team in Padua, the middle-size industrial town some 25 miles inland from Venice. The original function of U.S. Petrarca had never changed: any boy in Padua could enjoy the fun and games of the sports club provided he attended one hour a week of religious instruction by the foxxy Jesuits and also attended Sunday Mass. The sports club, in other words, was a carrot held out by the church.

Unlike big industrial teams such as Simmenthal of Milan (meat) and Ignis of Varese (appliances) and Oransoda of Cantù (soft drinks), clubs which recruit all over Italy and seldom utilize any local players, the team of U.S. Petrarca came exclusively from Padua. Sticking to its illy-white policy, the team of the Jesuit fathers wallowed in the cellar of the league for years and never finished higher than sixth. But last season a wealthy and influential Padua industrialist, Giacomo Galtarossa, decided to give the team a few gifts out of his own pocket. The gifts were Douglas Moe and a new coach. Thus began the "homemade miracle."

"We first got together in preseason training," Moe recalled, "and it was the Tower of Babel. The new coach was Aleksandar Nikolic of Yugoslavia, the man who coached

the Yugoslav national team for 15 years. He didn't speak a word of Italian, but he had some English and French. Most of the players could understand his French, and then he'd repeat everything to me in English."

"Was very bad at first," Nikolic said in his rudimentary English, one of his five languages. "Was what somebody call 'language cocktail.' Many of basketball words were English; I could said *nro* or I could said shoot. Jump shot in English is jump shot in French, but in Italian is *nro sospensiove*. In French dribble is dribble, but in English is difference between dribble and drive, and in Italian you say *pallaggio* for dribble and *entrare* for drive. At first made terrible mistakes. Would tell player to cover other player and would cover wrong one. Would take player out and would think was telling him a good boy."

"To make things worse," said Moe, "Petrarca had always been a loser. They were always down in the mouth. Before every game they'd say, 'We can't beat this team, we can't beat this team.' And I got there and I couldn't understand this, and I said, 'What do you mean, you can't beat them? You're finished before you start with that attitude.' So the first game was against one of these teams you can't beat, and we beat 'em, and before the preseason schedule was over we'd won 10 straight, including one with the European champions.

"By this time the coach had learned Italian, and I could understand it a little, and we were beginning to do everything in Italian, and we began working together better. If I wanted the ball I knew how to yell '*Damm! il pallone!*' (give me the ball) or '*Guarda, guarda!*' When the coach talked to us in the time-outs he began using Italian, and some of those language screw-ups began to disappear."

By the end of the first half of the long seven-month season, U.S. Petrarca was leading the league. "In the second half we came back to form," Moe recalled, "but we still finished third only to Simmenthal and Ignis, and they're practically professional teams. It was the best finish in Petrarca's history, and it had the whole town going crazy." Moe was the hero of Padua, and the happy Galtarossa moved him and his family into a pleasant apartment, provided him with a car, a few vacation trips and a cushy job paying \$6,000 a year. "The people couldn't do enough for us," Moe said. "One day we went to the *corse al trotto* (the trotters) and one of the drivers slipped June a piece of paper with the names of all the day's winners on it. We bet 200 lire (about 30¢) on every race through the fifth, and we won every one. Then June mislaid the paper, and we bet on the wrong horse in the sixth. The winner paid 25 to 1, and it was listed on the sheet the driver gave us. We found it later and felt like shooting ourselves."

Newspapers all over northern Italy joined in praising Moe. A typical article called him "the fabulous Moe" and observed that he could do anything "with or without the ball." The newspaper *Il Resto del Carlino*, published in Bologna, said: "Italians view it as extraordinary that he



*A group of Puffin schoolboys, carrying banners that would make the Mets proud, root for Petrarca, the home team, and their hero, Doug Moe.*

thinks every match can be won. That is something out of our mentality, and is considered typically American and typically sporting." Cesare Rubini, coach of the champions from Simmenthal, said that Moe was "easily 50% of the Petrarca team," and Signore Gialtarossa proudly remarked that Moe's presence made every other member of the squad play far over his head. Moe had averaged 30 points a game and led the league in almost every individual department except slugging.

"The only problem from the beginning was learning the Italian style," Moe said recently. "It's a different game. Italians don't usually start playing basketball till they're 17 or 18 years old, and by that time all their training has gone to their feet. You throw a ball to an Italian kid, and four times out of five he'll flub it. But throw it around his feet and he'll make a perfect stop. They're all soccer players. All this makes them bad passers. I would cut into the basket 100 times before one of them would hit me with a pass, and finally the coach said, 'Look, don't bother making the cut.' We have one player on the whole team who's a good passer—now I wait till he has the ball before I go into the pivot. But what else can you expect from kids that've been drilled for 18 years never to touch the ball with their hands? If they were allowed to kick the basketball I'd be in the pivot all the time!"

Italians play by international rules, which are vastly different from American college rules. There is no three-point play; if a player is bumped as he makes a basket, a foul

can be called against the defender, but no free throw is awarded. On a drive to the basket, the dribbling player is allowed one extra step at the end and, to the uninitiated spectator, it looks as though players pick up the ball at the foul line and simply run to the basket and lay the ball up. "That makes the play a little faster at the shooting end," Moe said, "but they slow it down at the other end by making you bounce the ball right away when you start to move. In the U.S. you try a fast break and somebody throws you the ball and you start off with a step and then begin to dribble. Here you've got to dribble before you can move a foot, and it slows down the fast break. Another thing here, there's no backcourt time limit. You have 30 seconds to shoot—there's six different colored lights under the basket, and one goes out every five seconds—but you can keep the ball in the backcourt for the whole 30 seconds if you want."

The last word on gamesmanship, Italian style, was written years ago by one Monsignor Chitarrella in a book on card games. "Rule No. 1," the monsignor wrote, "is: Always try to see your opponent's cards." Fair play, in the rigid Anglo-American sense, is all but unknown in Italy, although there is a plethora of backslapping and embracing and after-you-dear-Alphonse between players when they have tried to assassinate each other.

"The idea is to see what you can get away with," Moe said. "One of the biggest heroes of Italian basketball is a guy who'd get thrown out of any American basketball

continued

game in the first five minutes. Last year, when we were still in the fight for first place, the other teams'd throw in some little 5' 6" guy—you know, a chopper—toward the end of the game, and he'd work on me alone. They didn't care if he was thrown out. One game I got seven or eight stitches in the head, and the next game two more. Both times it was under the basket after a shot. There was blood pouring all over the place, but they wouldn't stop the game. I'd get it every time. They'd start a box and one. The box'd take care of the basketball game, and the one would take care of me. This year, now that we're off to a bad start, they've been easier on me. But there's still one player from Igros—the big team from Varese—he'll smack you every chance he gets. The ideal way is to play 'em at their court first, because then you've got to play 'em again at your court, and they know you can get 'em then. But if you play a team at home first, you're dead."

Italian referees seem to follow certain strange rituals al-

most as though they were written into the code of the game. "They have a dramatic sense, and they think of themselves as a bunch of Fellinis," said Steve Chubin, who played at Rhode Island and is now in his first season with Simmenthal, the meat-packers. "In the early part of a game they tend to keep things even. In the last 10 or 15 minutes almost all the fouls are against the visiting team. In Italy you just don't win away from home. Back in the States the home-court advantage is about five to 10 points; here it's more like 25. Some of the refs'd get shot in the U.S."

Simmenthal and Chubin played Petrarca and Moe at Padua early this season and, according to Chubin, "we'd have won by 30 points if it hadn't been for the refs. We'd get 10 points ahead and then start stealing the ball, and when you do that you can really take charge of a game. But every time we'd start to move away they'd hit us with walking violations or charging or pushing, and the first thing you'd know we'd be right down to a two-point lead."

"There's just no training for the referees," said Dewey Andrew, star of the Cassera Fortitudo team of Bologna and onetime player at little Elon College in North Carolina, where Moe went. "And they have no control of the fans. In the States if the fans get out of hand the refs'll forfeit the game. Here they'll just stop the game long enough to pick up the coins that've been thrown at 'em. And somebody's got to teach the referees to stop watching the ball all the time. That's when all the trouble starts. When the ball is up in the air the other team gives you 20 kinds of agony."

Said Chubin: "You could get killed while they're watching the ball. Somebody could pull a knife, stab you with it, wipe it off and put it back in his pocket while the referees are staring at the ball."

"It is all very simple," said a Milan newspaper editor. "It is not only that the officials are incompetent. They are simply afraid of the fans, and rightly so. They have to rule for the home team or they'll spend the next two or three hours running for their lives."

Early in his Italian career Doug Moe saw what happens to referees who make honest calls against the home team in tight games. "The coach and I went up to Cantù to see Oransoda play Simmenthal, strictly a nonleague, friendly game. Near the end one of the Oransoda players charged a Simmenthal player—a perfectly obvious charge, you could see it from the third balcony—and the referee called it. The crowd went nuts, and the game was for nothing, had no importance at all! As soon as the game ended the whole stands came down on the referee, and they had to call in a couple hundred cops to get him out. So you can see why the refs call 'em for the home team."

The results are often childishly ludicrous. Once a Venetian team was playing at home and, despite the active assistance of the referee, could not seem to even up the game in the second half. The half droned on for 55 minutes before the Venice team went one point ahead, and instantly the referee's whistle ended the game. Other games have been

*continued*



If it's his 3-year-old son David perched on his shoulders, Doug Moe shops for fruit in Padua.

"This time I won't forget.

When Ed says  
Scotch, he means  
Johnnie Walker Red.

Johnnie Walker Red  
Johnnie Walker Red  
Johnnie Walker Red."



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# Wolf in wolf's clothing.

Some cars tell you all about themselves at first glance. A big soft family sedan (Ho-hum) An utterly practical station wagon (Ehhh) A

plodding sort of economy car. (Wheee) Or a Corvette. A tough, wide-tired, bulge-hooded "let's go driving" Corvette.

A Sting Ray with the 427-cubic-inch 435-horsepower three-deuces V8 you can specify. It is what it looks like.

## '67 Corvette



Corvette joins the Small Carpool with the 427-cubic-inch 435-horsepower V8 engine. It's the only car in its class with a 427-cubic-inch V8 engine. It's the only car in its class with a 427-cubic-inch V8 engine. It's the only car in its class with a 427-cubic-inch V8 engine.



Photo by EAC/CHS

shortened because the referees sensed that the home team was pooping out and might lose the lead.

"You can understand why they're afraid of the fans," said the outspoken Chubin. "There's a certain element of the fans here that're absolutely nuts. I mean, they oughta be hauled off in straitjackets. Some of these people'll blow an air horn right in your ear as you're walking by, deafen you for a week. It's different than the States. Sometimes it's sickening. One man'll keep hollering something dirty over and over. I couldn't take it at first, right in front of everybody. I mean, I don't speak Italian yet, but certain things you understand. You don't need a dictionary."

Doug Moe has become insured to the crowds, but the rookie Chubin is still suffering. In a recent game he missed four straight foul shots and ended up making one for eight, his worst performance since the backlots of his native Queens, because the fans leaned far out of their seats and waved handkerchiefs and towels around the basket as he was preparing to shoot. "Not only that, but they're yelling those words at me again. So I give the ball back to the referee to ask for quiet. Usually the referee in the States'll either get 'em to quiet down or he'll give you a technical. But here they don't know from technicals; so my coach says just shoot it, and I don't come anywhere near close. They got me. They just drove me crazy."

"I don't think the fans here are particularly bad people," said the soft-spoken Dewey Andrew. "They're just overenthusiastic. They lose all control of themselves. One game when I fouled out I got hit with an awful mess of stuff from our own fans. Oranges, coons, garbage—everything but fresh fish. They were aiming at the referee, but they were hitting me."

"They're all right, they're just real fans, all-out," said a player who does not want to make any Italian enemies. "Why, last year after the championship game the Ignis fans came out of the stands and tore the clothes off their hero, Toby Kimball, left him standing there in his jock. Young girls'll think nothing of coming right into the dressing room after a game and trying to grab souvenirs. If you don't do a pretty good job of defending yourself you'll wind up naked."

"And they love to fight," said Moe. "Sometimes I think they just come to the games for the exercise of fighting. Before a game there'll be three or four fights going on in the stands and everybody egging 'em on and nobody trying to stop 'em. Sometimes it's one long fight to get back into the dressing room. This Italian basketball—it's like an audience-participation sport."

Nevertheless, the Moes have learned to enjoy Italy and the Italians in their two years, especially since they have picked up the language and found new ways to spend the long days off. The team forbids Moe to ski (although other players ski their heads off and are sometimes taken on ski trips by the Jesuit fathers), but the little family makes the three-hour drive to the pre-Alps just to ride the ski lifts. In

the mornings Moe drives his cream-colored Fiat 850 over to the sports club and loses at *tresette* (three seven), an amateur card game in which 3s, 2s and aces are the highest cards. In the evenings the Moes may socialize with members of the basketball team, and one of their closest friends is the Petrarca player Pino Stefanelli, son of a Padua millionaire who owns bus lines. "We visit him at his villa," Moe said. "A little place of 50 or 100 rooms. He gave us a couple of books printed in the 16th century just as a memento." Usually the Moes avoid the monuments and museums that sometimes make Italy resemble a vast cemetery. "We go once in a while, but those art things don't do much for me," Moe explained. "When we were in Florence we went to see Michelangelo's work so we could say we saw it. I mean, how can you say you lived in Italy two years and didn't look at Michelangelo's work? But I don't really get anything out of it. So why force it?" Padua has original Giotto's, a Renaissance wooden horse 25 feet high, the ruins of a Roman amphitheater going back to the pre-Christian era, the tomb of Petrarca (the Italian poet after whom the sports club is named) and untold churches, basilicas and ancient grottoes, but the Moes would rather go to the movies.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of watching one of these three-ring circuses called *pallacanestro* in Italy, and I am told by all involved that the game was one of the most drab and colorless affairs of the year. If so, I would not want to be on hand for a spangly match. The game took place in the 6,000-seat Sports Palace in Bologna—a university city where the rain falls mainly every day through the long winter—and pitted two teams that have been losers this season: Cassera Fortitudo of Bologna (clothing) and Unione Sportiva Petrarca of Padua (souls). The big sports action of the day was a soccer game, Inter of Milan vs. the Bologna team, at a cross-town stadium, but some 2,500 faithful basketball fans drove up to the Sports Palace in their four-wheeled Giulia Spiders, Maseratis, Innocentis and Ferraris and their two-wheeled Lambrettas, Vespas and Gileras.

Long before the appearance of the first basketball player on the floor, the fans began beating sheets of iron against pipes, blowing air horns hooked to tanks of compressed air, banging away at tambourines and castanets and screaming challenges at anyone whose hairstyle they did not approve of. One man walked proudly around the court carrying the red-and-dark-blue flag of Bologna and a sign saying, MY BEAUTIFUL BOLOGNA. A visitor from Padua carried an opposing sign reading, FORZA PETRARCA, OLE! OLE! But he was soon hooted off the court and fled back into a group of his fellows sitting in a remote section of the stands for safety.

When the first Petrarca player walked out on the court in his blue-and-white sweat suit, looking for all the world like the man who drew the short straw, there was prolonged

hissing and whistling, and the other Padua players seemed to join their colleague reluctantly. The team had a distinctly humpty-dumpty look about it, what with socks of varying colors and short shorts that would have been banned in Boston, and the impression that they were bush was heightened when the team began shooting baskets. Ten, 20, 30 seconds would go by before one of the basketballs would go through the rim. They looked like the Little Sisters of the Poor "B" team. The appearance of Douglas Moe, last to appear on the court, as befits the leading scorer in the league, slightly improved the warmup percentage.

The Cassera team made a smart entrance heralded by a chorus of air horns that must have been cannibalized from the big tractor-trailers that now awaken the dead all over Europe. "I am sorry," said my companion, an Italian, "but you must understand that Italy is a noisy country. Why, one night when I was walking in London I came to a block where every television, every radio and every phonograph was being played at top volume, and I said, 'These must be Italians.' Just so, I checked and found out it was a block of Italian laborers. So do not make such a show of holding your ears. You will offend them and mark yourself as a foreigner."

"I don't suppose they care if they offend me," I said indignantly, but he couldn't hear me.

The Cassera players warmed up with the same lack of precision as the Petrarca. Balls rolled around the hoop and dropped out; shots whistled over the backboard and a foot to the left or right. When a shot went in, pursuant to the law of averages, there was applause. Soon I caught on. The reason nobody was making shots with any consistency was because nobody was practicing normal shots. They were trying fancy jumpers from 35 feet, reverse layups from behind the basket, over-the-shoulder shots and other mockeries of Euclid. One Cassera player took up a position at midcourt and began dribbling his way to the basket through a phalanx of imaginary defenders. He bounced the ball behind his back to elude one opponent, head-faked and shoulder-faked two more out of position, shifted the ball from his right to his left hand in *madair*—and missed the layup. The crowd cheered wildly. Rearing down the court like that, baffling all those defensive chimera, the virtuoso performer had not shown skill, but the appearance of skill. And in Italy appearance is everything. That is why, in the words of Luigi Barzini, "Little provincial towns . . . boast immense princely palaces, castles, vast churches, and stately opera houses, all disproportionate, sometimes ridiculously so." This same national personality trait now was showing up with mirror accuracy in the sports arena. Whirling around with their fancy dribbling and crazy shots, the players appeared to be marvels, and the crowd was exhilarated.

While I was musing, two cocky little referees strutted onto the court. One of them quickly assembled the players and threw the ball up at a pronounced angle, and the game was on. About 10 shots were tried before one was made,

and the pattern of the game quickly became clear. The two Americans, Doug Moe for Petrarca and Dewey Andrew for Cassera, were assigned to guard each other, but the difference was that Andrew's teammates were providing him with some assistance, whereas Moe's teammates acted as though he had some contagious disease. Time and again he would cut for the basket or establish himself all alone in the pivot only to have a Petrarca player try a 25-foot set shot that would sometimes miss the basket altogether. Still Moe rebounded, stole the ball, kept his own shooting percentage well over 50% and in general dominated the first half much as he had dominated games when he was starring for North Carolina six and seven years ago. Andrew, one of Moe's closest friends off the court, bided his time and waited for the nonpareil to grind himself down. Anyone could see that Moe could not maintain such a pace unaided.

Meanwhile the other players were putting on performances worthy of Marcello Mastroianni. Every time a foul was called the offending player would spread his arms wide and look beseechingly at the crowd. One wondered if an Italian player ever accepted a foul call graciously. "It's just our style," my companion said. "You can grab the guy by the head, wrestle him down and then kick him, and when the referee calls the foul you're supposed to spread your arms and say, 'Who, me?' It's sort of expected of you."

Academy Award performances were also going on at the foul line. When a player missed a foul shot a look of incredulity, followed by one of deep puzzlement, crossed his face, as though this had never happened before and how was he to stand it. If, on the other hand, the player sank the shot, he would put on a look of shy modesty, while the audience cheered as though he had just made a field goal from the other end of the court. The game was controlled by sporting ritual as rigid as any in the days of the vestal virgins and the Colosseum.

Just before half-time with the score tied, a Petrarca player named Varotto, renowned for his pugnacity, was yanked from the game by Coach Nikolic after a fourth foul had been called against him. Varotto did more than spread his arms. He began screaming. Someone handed him a sweat suit; he rolled it into a ball and drop-kicked it along the sidelines. When an elderly Petrarca fan rushed up and tried to calm him Varotto nearly knocked the little man down in his frenzy. For the last minutes of the half the angry player roared along the sidelines, while thousands laughed and shouted "*idiot*" and "*cremo*" and held up U's made of index and little fingers, a signal that means "cuckold." When the half ended Varotto had to be restrained from going into the stands after one of his critics. "Glad he was held back," Nikolic confided. "He is fighter, but if you make strong puff with mouth, he fall down."

All through the half-time intermission arguments raged in the stands. One little knot of debaters on the floor of the gym engaged in shrill controversy with another knot up on the second level of the stands. Since the two groups were

*continued*



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**PALLACANESTRO** reviewed

separated by steel rails and several policemen, the argument reached the decibel level of a Neapolitan open-air market. "Under those conditions, they can really let themselves go and say a lot of interesting things," my Italian friend confided. "That is regarded as the most enjoyable type of argument in Italy."

Varotto, with a native flair for histrionics, was the last player to return to the floor after the entr'acte, and the crowd reminded him once again that he was a cretin, an idiot and a cuckold. Varotto shook his fist at 2,500 people but diplomatically allowed himself to be steered to the bench.

The second half began, and the score was tied and retied, and the players seemed to rise to the tension and improve their performances. Soon I found myself becoming involved in the outcome. Would U.S. Petrarca, the honest little team from out of town, be able to hold back the magpie shirtmakers from Cassera with their unfair home-court advantage and their millions of lire of accounts receivable? For a while the outcome was in doubt, and when Doug Moe took off on a breakaway I jumped to my feet and began shouting something I had heard the Italians cry: "Volo! Volo!"

Several people turned and stared at me, and I quickly sat down. "What's the matter?" I asked my Italian friend out of the right side of my mouth. "All I was saying was, 'Fly! Fly!'"

"You were saying, 'I am flying! I am flying!'" he said out of the left side of his mouth. "You should have said 'Volo'."

"Oh," I said out of the right side of my mouth, and then I shut up.

Any way, all the steam left the game when Dewey Andrew went on a personal scoring tear and gave Cassera a seven-point lead. At that point the referees took over, calling fouls and stopping play so often that for a while it appeared the game would never end. Indeed, the control was so tight that the players seemed to assume minor roles, while the two officials bestride the floor like colossuses. They were calling fouls on almost every shot, whether there was interference or not. At one point the offi-

ciating grew so ridiculous that Dewey Andrew burst out laughing, and even the usually undemonstrative Moe spread out his arms like an Italian. Eventually eight players, four from each team, fouled out, and Cassera, aided by the inevitable letdown that overcame Moe in the last 10 minutes, won the game 69-66. ("Moe's play was inferior in the second half, but there are 1,000 attenuating factors," wrote an Italian sports-writer. "Moe has to score, he has to get rebounds both on offense and defense, make plays for his teammates and control the passing. Too much work!") Moe had scored 29, Andrew 20, and no one else had come close to the Americans in performance. The players hugged and kissed and exchanged commiseration and congratulations as though they had just finished an Olympic final instead of a hattle for the booty prize of the league.

Afterward, in the cold, unheated and unhappy visitors' dressing room, Dewey Andrew flung an arm around his old friend's neck and said, "Never mind, Doug, you know you never win away. You just don't." Coach Nikolic was telling a group of sympathizers that "referees ruined game. Did nothing but whistle."

Over in the corner, a friendly priest was asked what would happen to Petrarca when both Moe and Nikolic departed at the end of this season with the team already on a losing streak. "Whenever the Unione Sportiva Petrarca has had a problem, something has come along to solve it," the father said. "Who knows from what quarter help will come? But it will come, you may count on that." By the slightest of upward glances, the priest indicated the quarter he was counting on.

A correspondent was talking about Petrarca's showing last season. "Ah, Petrarca, beautiful Petrarca!" he rhapsodized. "She danced only one dance, but what a lovely dance it was!"

"Aspettate l'anno prossimo!" said a chubby fan who had infiltrated the dressing room. "Aspettate l'anno prossimo!"

"What does that mean?" I asked my Italian friend. He said it meant wait till next year.

END



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## DAY'S

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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**BASKETBALL**—Eastern leader PHILADELPHIA (40-1) dropped successive games to the Lakers and the Warriors on the West Coast but the Tiers finally halted their eight-day losing streak in five games by beating both teams in road matches. BOSTON (42-10) had its 11-game winning streak stopped by the Hawks (31-13) but then victories during the week brought the Celtics to within six games of the Tiers. NEW YORK (38-23) moved back ahead of CINCINNATI (24-40) in the race for third place as the Knicks injured the Hawks, then took two of three from the Pistons, while the Royals, after beating the Bulls, lost three in a row. Low-place BALTIMORE (13-44) finally broke a seven-game losing streak with a 109-99 victory over the Royals but then Don Ohm, the team's leading scorer, for the rest of the season because of a knee injury. In the West SAN FRANCISCO (36-23) won six games, including a 117-126 win over the Tiers in RICK Barry (page 3) scored 40 points and a 48-point loss to the Lakers where star rebounder Nate Thurmond was out with a knee thrust. ST LOUIS (20-51) played Coach Alvin Kerns' second 101 points in the team's victory over the Celtics, and for the week the Hawks were three of five to beat the Warriors' lead to 115 games. LOS ANGELES (23-33) tied four games; CHICAGO (23-37) dropped two of three and DETROIT (23-39) three of five.

**HOCKEY**—CARMEN SALVINO of Chicago won the \$10,000 first prize in the St. Paul Open as he pulled a 2-11 to beat Johnnie Guenther of Seattle by eight points in the title game.

**GOLF**—TOM NIEPOTE, a 35-year-old father of four competing in eighth, who is club pro on Long Island, N.Y., headed the field and held hole to beat Doug Sanders by one stroke—349-350—on the 347-348 for par in the Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs, Calif.

**HOCKEY**—CHICAGO (28-13-7) made a 31 game without a loss by beating the Boston Bruins and the Canadiens 3-1, and opened its lead to 10 points. Second-place NEW YORK (13-16-7), after losing four of its previous five games, returned from five days off and defeated both the Bruins and the Maple Leafs. MONTREAL (28-19-4) had a 1-3-1 week; TORONTO (17-20-4) losing streak reached nine with two more defeats; and DETROIT (19-24-3) won two games and moved within one point of the Maple Leafs. BOSTON (12-25-7) remained firmly fixed in last place after three straight losses.

**HORSE RACING**—REFLECTED GLORY (58), owned by Mrs. Ethel D. Jacobs and trained by her husband Blanche, closed strongly to win favorite field Hush by a neck in the \$34,830 Bahamas Stakes at Hialeah.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—FERRARI finished one, two, three in the 2.4-hour Continental Road Race at Daytona Beach and took a step toward regaining the world championship they lost last year to the Ford Mark III (page 27).

**SWIMMING**—GUY PÉRIEY of France easily won the continental championship of the international diving meet at Madonna di Campiglio, Italy, taking the silver and the gold medals.

**SWIMMING**—DENNIS HASKIN of Bakersfield, Calif., lost his first match as a professional in another one to FRED STOLLE of Australia, in straight sets in Brisbane, Australia. In his second pool match, however, Haskin beat Stolle 7-6, 6-4, 6-2 in Sydney.

**CHARLES PARAKELL**, of Sumatra, Puerto Rico, hand-sawed, spars top-seeded Arthur Ashe in straight sets, 6-3, 6-4, and won the Fidelity Bankers International Tennis Tournament in Ash's home town of Richmond.

**TRUCK & FIELD**—RANDY MATSON of Texas A&M matched 44 104's on 20 hot laps to beat indoor world record holder Neal Stambaugh in a short-cut match that highlighted the Sun Dags Invitational (page 50). In the 1,000-yard run Tom Van Rullen of the 40ers Truck Club set an American record of 2:06.8 while winning easily. As the Seattle Invitational GERRY LINDKERN of Washington State set a new mark for the 800-yard as he won in 1:31.6, and MRS. DORIS BROVINE of Seattle set an American record in the 800 with a time of 2:05.5. In the East DAVE PATRICK, a Villanova senior, took the 1,000-yard run at the Philadelphia Invitational Games with a new record time of 2:09.2, and Australia's Kerry O'Brien won the two-mile run in 8:46.6, also a new mark. JIM KEMER of the 40ers Truck Club won the 400-yard run in 1:11.2, after winning the same event the previous night at the New York Knights of Columbus Meet. Also in New York, FRANKLIN M. PETER of West Germany took the 1,000-yard run in

2:08.4, while NOEL CARROLL of Ireland beat Peter Scott of Vancouver in the 800-yard run (1:51.1) when the officials ruled that Scott started with Canoe at the tape.

**REPORTS**—FORMED THE AMERICAN BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION, a 10-team league that will start play next fall, with former NBA star GEORGE MIKAL, 42, as commissioner and Larry Davidson as president (page 50). The league cities, arenas and owners: ANAHEIM, Anaheim Convention Center; JAMES A. Aronson, Art Kim, DALLAS, Mansfield Auditorium; James Davidson, Georgia in Atlanta; Jerry Klag, James M. Peters Jr. and August Smith, HOLIDAY Inn, Houston; Coleman Mott, Hall, Cloyce & Ben, Charles Frazier, Williams, Wrenn and others, INDIANAPOLIS, Indianapolis Coliseum; J. J. Bamann, Lynn Trites, Bob Welch, Ronald Woodard, KANSAS CITY, Mo.; Municipal Auditorium; James Tremble and others, MINNEAPOLIS, Metropolitan Convention Center; Fred Johnson, J. P. Shields, NEW ORLEANS, Loyola University Gymnasium; Louis J. Cunningham, Sam Martin, Denny W. L. Toney, Gordie, Ronnie Kels, Charles G. Swabner, James A. Watt, NEW YORK, Singer Bowl (proposed); Mark P. Rosen, Arthur J. Brown, OAKLAND, Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum; Pat Boone, Ken Davidson, Dennis A. Murphy, PITTSBURGH, Civic Arena; Cade Robson and others, PORTLAND, FRANCHISE (not yet set yet); Charles Hale, Donald J. Kagan, Robert Spens, J. Parker Williams and others.

**NAMED**—Warrant of the James E. Sullivan Award as the outstanding amateur athlete of 1966, Kansas University world mile record holder BILLY KYLIN, 19, who was also Sports Illustrated's Sportsman of the Year.

**RETIRED**—LE CORDEURS, 20, the injured miler who won the silver and most popular, but not in the form of the position—the best ballplayer in the world. Gored 11 times and administered the last rites twice during his six-year career, Le Cordours suffered a shoulder injury while water skiing last year that inhibited his killing technique. However, he claims he decided to retire after drowning of death one night "I don't want to die," he said.

**RETIRED**—BOBBY DODD, 37, as head football coach at Georgia Tech after 22 seasons, a 165-63-1 record and 11 bowl games. He will remain at Tech as athletic director.

**DIED**—EDDIE TOLAN, 58, winner of the 100-meter and 200-meter dashes at the 1932 Olympics; of a heart attack, in Denver. Only 5' 4" and 143 pounds. Tolan was known as the "Red Hot Pepper" and during his time set world records for both the 100-yard and 100-meter events.

## CADUDES

32-34—Shade & Long, 44—Ray D. Cronin, 55—left, Linda Sue, 56—Frank Earl Ray, Carnegie, 58—Roger Lewis, 59—Richard Davis, 60—Gordon Bonar, 62, 63—Dennis Patterson, 64—David Ross, 78—Bob Johnson, U.S. Army, David Pope, Dick Weism, Arizona, Republic, 8—Gavin, 79—Greg Moore.

## FACES IN THE CROWD

**TOM POOR**, 23, a mathematics teacher at Episcopal Academy in Merion, Pa., won every game against four opponents to take the singles championship at the 25th annual Appawam Club squash racquets tournament in Rye, N.Y. He also shared the doubles title.

**DICK STEARNS**, 39, of Northfield, Ill., guided his Glider F7 to two firsts, a second, a third and a sixth as he scored 127 points and gained the Bazzard Cup in Miss. Soars, a silver medalist in the 1964 Olympics, defeated 26 Star class sailers for the cup.

**DEBBIE MEYER**, 14, a freshman at Rio Americano High School in Sacramento, broke her second world swimming record with a 17:48.6 clocking for the 1,650-yard freestyle event at a meet in Sacramento. Last summer she set a 1,300-meter freestyle mark.

**CONNIE KALITTA**, 29, of Mount Clemens, Mich., cruised at 218.43 mph to beat Gene Goleman of Tulsa in the American Hot Rod Association's Winter-annual Drag Racing Championships in Pomona, Calif. It was Kalitta's second major victory in one week.

**JOE FREYTON**, 30, after almost nine years with the Army, now is a senior at the University of Puget Sound, Washington. He has been Little All-America in football and a regular in both basketball and track. He will have won 11 letters when he graduates in June.

**MIKE PASSARELLA**, 20, of Chicago, gained the men's senior title at the National Outdoor Speed Skating Championships in St. Paul as he set a U.S. record for the three-quarter mile, won the 800-yard race, scored in four of seven races and totaled 14 points.

# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

## THE EAST 1. PRINCETON (17-1) 2. BOSTON COLLEGE (12-1) 3. PROVIDENCE (13-3)

PRINCETON's Butch van Breda Kolff will not commit himself but says things like "better balance" and "more cohesiveness" when people ask if his Tigers are better than the Bradley team of two years ago. Rutgers Coach Bill Foster thinks so, especially after the way Princeton manhandled his team 97-74 last week. Joe Heiser held Bobby Lloyd, the nation's third best scorer, to 17 points, slim John Haarlow threw in 25 and 6'9" Chris Thomforde played the boards as if he owned them. Dartmouth, which had lost to the Tigers by 74 points in Hanover, held the ball and the Indians escaped a drubbing. But they still lost 30-16. Strangely enough, Harvard, last in the Ivy League, gave Princeton the most trouble. The Crimson led 32-28 at the half but then Gary Walters took charge and the Tigers won 66-59.

BOSTON COLLEGE came back to beat NYU 68-57 in Madison Square Garden and this time Lloyd, a pure shooter with remarkable concentration, scored 13 points and dropped in 19 free throws without a miss for a Garden record. Two nights later he had nine for nine, including the winning two in a 72-70 victory over Bucknell, to set a new college record of 56 consecutive foul shots.

BOSTON COLLEGE, returning after a 19-day layoff, was as sharp as ever. The Eagles, with little Billy Evans handing off assists like Coach Bob Cousy, and Steve Adelman and Terry Driscoll firing in the points, trounced Seton Hall 90-75 and Holy Cross 92-74. PROVIDENCE hardly worked up a sweat beating Gannon 92-66, while SYRACUSE, thriving on George Hickey's shooting and Vaughn Harper's strong rebounding and slick passing, ended Penn State's 31-game home winning streak 90-73. The Orange then beat Massachusetts 67-59, St. John's squeaked through against Temple 65-63 on Albee Swartz's last-second shot. MANHATTAN also took the Owls 82-72 for Coach Ken Norton's 300th victory. FAIRFIELD defeated Georgetown 93-82.

Things were looking up in Philadelphia. LA SALLE, finally playing the way it was supposed to, won over Creighton 88-83 in overtime and Loyola of New Orleans 125-80, while VILLANOVA beat Detroit 75-56 and St. Peter's 62-48. ARMY eased past Fordham 61-59 for its sixth in a row but PENN STATE surprised the Cadets 67-57. St. BONAVENTURE shocked Canisius 97-58, and NIAGARA upset Dayton 80-74.

CONNECTICUT's sharpshooting Wes Bialosuknia had a gala week. He scored 23 points in a 66-59 win over Massachusetts that gave the Huskies the Yankee Conference lead and then he bombed Maine for 50 as Connecticut won 109-65.

## THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (14-1) 2. WESTERN KENTUCKY (16-1) 3. VANDERBILT (15-3)

Nearly everyone had conceded that the SEC race was between Vanderbilt and Tennessee. Then strange things began to happen. VANDERBILT barely made it past last-place LSU 79-77 before FLORIDA's tall Gators got the Commodores in Gainesville. Rebounding from an 87-61 loss to AUBURN, the Gators hit Vanderbilt with a stifling zone press and their big men took over the boards. Little Skip Huxley fired in 22 points, David Miller added 21 and Vandy went down 83-75. TENNESSEE looked good beating Mississippi State 67-45 and Georgia Tech 59-48, but the cautious Vols stumbled against MISSISSIPPI. Going nowhere, Ole Miss upset Tennessee 56-53 in overtime. It was enough to make an old campaigner like KENTUCKY's Adolph Rupp wonder if his Wildcats still had a chance despite their five losses. What give The Baron hope was the way Louie Dampier and Pat Riley were shooting. They got 54 points between them in a 96-53 win over Mississippi, and then Kentucky trampled LSU 105-84 for Rupp's 761st victory. "It's been a great adventure," said Adolph.

NORTH CAROLINA was still undefeated in the ACC. The Tar Heels beat Maryland 85-77, with 6'11" Rusty Clark and Larry Miller scoring 20 points apiece, but Coach Dean Smith was not happy about his team blowing a 22-point lead. "We can't stand prosperity, I guess," he griped. Maybe what really bothered Smith was NORTH CAROLINA's growing strength—the Gamecocks rolled over Maryland 80-53 and Wake Forest 77-60. And DUKE was coming on, too. Bob Verga and Bob Redy bombed Virginia for 51 points in a 100-77 victory, and the Blue Devils looked even better beating West Virginia 91-75. The Mountaineers, who had just edged Davidson 86-83, simply could not handle Duke's Mike Lewis. He got 33 points and 19 rebounds. "Two areas hurt us, the boards and Lewis," said West Virginia's Bucky Waters, "but that's the same thing, isn't it?"

WESTERN KENTUCKY had a one-and-a-half-game lead in the Ohio Valley and 16 straight

after walloping Austin Peay 101-59 and Middle Tennessee 95-62. VIRGINIA TECH and GEORGIA TECH were making a run for post-season consideration. VPI (13-3) downed William and Mary 84-79 and Richmond 89-71, while Georgia (12-7) beat Mercer 91-57 and Notre Dame 102-87. But Memphis State, another hopeful, lost twice, to MIAMI (Fla.) 88-63 and FLORIDA STATE 55-51.

## THE MIDWEST 1. LOUISVILLE (18-2) 2. KANSAS (13-3) 3. TOLEDO (14-1)

OHIOANS had been mentioning Toledo and UCLA in the same breath. After all, they were the only two unbeaten teams in the nation and Toledo had a 14-game streak. Then the Rockets went to Huntington, W. Va. and MARSHALL shot them down 96-81 as "Big George" Stone fired in 31 points. "I've said all along we weren't that good a club," was Coach Bob Nichols' comment.

It was like a free-for-all with a ball when ILLINOIS and Northwestern got together in Champaign. Elbows flew and whistles blew all afternoon. Illinois' Don Flessner was decked and carried off on a stretcher and seven players fouled out. In between foul calls, the Illini's Dave Scholz and Jim Dawson each scored 26 points to give Northwestern its first Big Ten defeat, 93-83. That



MAKING SURE of his points, sophomore Forward Steve Mix stretches high and stuffs ball in Toledo's 78-62 win over Kent State.

made it a race again. INDIANA, after a non-conference win over De Paul 72-70, edged Minnesota 82-81 to tie Michigan State for second, only a half-game behind Northwestern. Iowa, beaten by LOYOLA of Chicago 98-87, and Illinois each had two losses.

Earlier, when MICHIGAN STATE and Notre Dame came to the end of regulation time in a 65-65 tie, State's John Beasington suggested to Notre Dame's Johnny Dee that they settle for a tie and go home. But Dee stayed and the Spartans beat his team 85-80 in overtime.

LOUISVILLE was beginning to worry about a Cincinnati hex. The Bearcats had beaten the Cards three straight and suddenly they were only four points behind with five minutes to go before 17,650 in Louisville's Freedom Hall. But Butch Beard threw in four free throws, Wesley Unseld (who scored 19 points) began wheeling underneath the boards and Louisville pulled away to win 65-57. TULSA and WICHITA STATE, however, were still hot on Louisville's trail in the Missouri Valley. The Hurricanes beat Drake 82-54 and North Texas 65-62 while Wichita took Drake 71-60 and St. Louis 63-61.

The Big Eight was full of contenders—and surprises. OKLAHOMA, switching from a zone to man-to-man when Colorado's Pat Frank hit 10 of his first 11 shots, pulled itself together and upset the Buffs 71-66. WYOMING moved to the top by whipping Kansas State 67-59 but KANSAS was only a half-game behind the Huskers after taking Iowa State 68-50.

Independent MARQUETTE beat touring Niagara 80-67 and St. John's 71-54 but the Warriors lost to DE PAUL 79-74. There was some consolation for the East, though. ST. JOSEPH's outscored Xavier 87-80.

**THE SOUTHWEST** 1. HOUSTON (15-2) 2. TEXAS WESTERN (15-3) 3. SMU (13-4)

There was rarely a dull moment when SMU and TCU tangled for first place in the Southwest Conference. TCU attacked with a frenzied full-court press, and the lead changed hands 18 times. But light-fingered Charlie Beasley kept slipping in among the Frogs and stealing the ball, and with five seconds to go sophomore Lynn Phillips, who led SMU with 25 points, dropped in a free throw to put the Mustangs three up. They won 89-88. Then RICE, in recent years an SWCACo-ran, shocked TCU 89-81 and suddenly the race had a different look. The Frogs dropped into a second-place tie with BAYLOR, which bombed TEXAS A&M 93-65, and SMU, an easy 91-75 winner over Texas Tech, had a 1½-game lead.

When NEW MEXICO STATE, a have-not on the rise, upset Texas Western 68-55 with a scrambling press and John Gambill's 26-point shooting, TW Coach Don Haskins

figured he had better do something drastic. So, for the first time since he has been coaching, Haskins put his Miners into a zone defense—1-2-2—against Tulsa. It held the Hurricanes off, Nevil Shed scored 18 points, and TEXAS WESTERN pulled through 61-58.

HOUSTON and OKLAHOMA CITY, meanwhile, had it easy. The Cougars routed Nevada Southern 103-83 as Elvin Hayes scored 42 points; OCU trounced Hawaii 116-62.

**THE WEST** 1. UCLA (17-0) 2. UTAH STATE (14-3) 3. PACIFIC (14-3)

USC Coach Bob Boyd had faced the Alcindor problem twice. The first time he had his team run with UCLA and he lost 105-90. Then he was laced 107-83 when he tried to double up on Alcindor. Last week he went for the stall—and it almost worked. While the Trojans dawdled, making each pass an event, Alcindor stood nonchalantly with his hands on his hips or passed the time by bending over and touching the floor with his palms. USC led 17-14 at half time. Then Coach Johnny Wooden decided he needed more speed in his lineup. He benched Kenny Hertz and Lynn Shackelford for Don Saffer and sophomore Bill Sweek. They stirred things up, and Lucius Allen's two free throws gave UCLA a 31-31 tie. In overtime, Sweek stole the ball twice, scored twice and the Bruins won 40-35. But Boyd proved his point: Alcindor got only four field goals and 13 points. "I'd do it again," snarled Boyd. "We expected it," admitted Wooden, "and we expect a lot more of it, too."

Brigham Young and Utah, the best in the Western A.C., had their troubles with the area's good independents. UTAH STATE wrecked BYU 113-88 as Shaler Halmon scored 42 points. COLORADO STATE flushed Utah out of its zone with some slick shooting by sophomores Cliff Shegog and Floyd Kerr, and the Aggies won 72-63 in Fort Collins. But it was another story when UTAH got CSU in Salt Lake City. Coach Jack Gardner came up with a new defense—a man-to-man with "zone overtones," he called it—and it won for the Utes 78-68.

NEW MEXICO was back in form in the WAC. Coach Bob King went back to his "offensive defense," and Arizona State tried to match it with a zone. But rookies Frank Judge, Ron Sanford and Ron Nelson revealed new talent for outside shooting. Mel Daniels roamed inside for 22 points and the Lobos coasted 88-48. Then New Mexico pounded Arizona 81-50. WYOMING also won twice, over Arizona 75-73 and Arizona State 98-78.

PACIFIC broke the deadlock in the West Coast A.C., beating Loyola of Los Angeles 67-62 and Pepperdine 82-81 for its 11th straight. But Seattle was upset by OREGON STATE 78-76 on Charlie Parks' two foul shots after the final buzzer.

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## HAPPY BLUES

Sirs:

Your January 30 article on the new New York Rangers (*Francis Forger on Up Team in a Down Town*) was undoubtedly the finest ever written about any team. It portrayed the true spirit within the team itself as well as the spirit of the fans. The Rocking Rangers still have a way to go, but with their amazing play they should be in good position when playoff time comes around. Congratulations on the fine job from one of the 49th Street gang.

STEVEN KROEL

Babson Park, Mass.

Sirs:

I have not seen my heroes in over 10 years. But if I live to be 100, I'll never forget waiting in line early Sunday morning to get an end-balcony seat or craning my neck to try to see the action from the side balcony. What great days they were. We'd watch the Metropolitan League at one p.m., the Eastern Hockey League at about 4 p.m. and then grab a sandwich before going back to the Garden for the Ranger game at night. Pete Axelheim made the memories come back, and has done the new Rangers justice. Thanks.

LARRY GAK

Laurens, S.C.

Sirs:

Thank you for the story on the greatest team in New York. The Broadway Blues with Harry, Boom Boom, Rod and Ed are definitely the most exciting team in the NHL today. Don't forget to have Photographer Tony Truot and Writer Pete Axelheim at Madison Square Garden when Ranger Captain Bob Nevin accepts the Stanley Cup.

BOB RAISMAN

New Rochelle, N.Y.

## RULE AND EXCEPTION

Sirs:

Once again you've gotten carried away with the 1.6 rule (*SCORECARD*, Jan. 30). For some reason, perhaps known only to the mystics within the leadership of the NCAA, the 1.6 rule is regarded as a first step toward a cure-all for the ills of professionalism in college and university athletics. However, let me assure you that the so-called Ivy League schools are doing a bit more than standing on "principle or point of honor" when they state that they cannot abide by it.

I was disappointed when my alma mater (Stanford) did not take a stand against it, but now I see why. The curve which dominates its grading system makes it virtually impossible for any student to have an average as low as 1.6 and remain in school. Ob-

viously, Stanford has little to fear from the use of such a rule.

On the other hand, the grading system in use here at the University of Pennsylvania, where I am now a faculty member, is such that it is feasible for a student to get a degree with an average below 1.6. The requirements for A's and B's are rather stringent, and D's and F's are quite common (as my students will attest). Therefore, a 1.6 average is meaningless, because it is interpreted differently at each school. But to enforce uniformity would, without question, infringe upon the rights of a school to set its own grading standards as it sees fit. As it now stands, Podunk U. need never worry about failing to meet the 1.6 requirement. It need only change its standards for C work. That is its right. But don't you, or anyone else, tell the rest of us that D's and F's are now passé.

DAVID W. CONKATH

Narberth, Pa.

Sirs:

Your *SCORECARD* article of January 30 condemning the Ivy League for its stand on the 1.6 rule was most unfortunate.

The Ivy League has no set numeric standard for probation. Instead, it has chosen to rely on the integrity of its member schools to see to it that all students participating in intercollegiate sports maintain a satisfactory level of scholastic achievement. I have no idea what the academic average of the Princeton basketball team is, but I doubt very much that any of its members get up at 7 o'clock every Saturday morning to watch space cartoons as does Houston's Elvin Hayes (*Elvin, Melvin and The Dark*, Jan. 2). Likewise, I doubt that any of Yale's swimmers receive automatic A's for academic credit as did those scholar-athletes in Adolph Rupp's basketball course at Kentucky (*Boys for the Baron*, March 7, 1966).

THOMAS C. HANFEL

New York City

Sirs:

Re "1.6 and All That," please mention that six of the Ivy's eight member schools did indicate they would comply with the 1.6 rule, with only Pennsylvania and Yale spoiling things for the rest.

THOMAS C. HANFEL

Kinderhook, N.Y.

## GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Sirs:

Joe Jares wrote a very fine article on a great team, Southern Illinois University (*Leaving the Three I League*, Jan. 30), but what is all this talk about upsets? The only upsetting thing about the College Division Salu-

kin's beating Louisville and Texas Western of the NCAA University Division is that they cannot get a shot at Lew and you-know-who in the University Division championships.

A. G. EDWARDS

Big Rapids, Mich.

Sirs:

SIU has enjoyed a long history of dominance in the so-called minor sports such as gymnastics, swimming, track and wrestling. We are still in the Three I League simply because most of the coaches in the "big leagues" have known about us for a long, long time—long enough to know that when we beat them, it isn't an "upset," and long enough to make sure we don't get into their conferences or on their schedules.

We hope your reporters will be able to find Southern Illinois University more often in the future and that the prestige of articles in your magazine will create for us the image necessary to make some of the so-called big schools play us. Many of the teams in the Midwest shout, "We'll play anybody!"—until Coach Jack Hartman calls them.

LARRY DOYLE

Carbondale, Ill.

Sirs:

After reading your article on Southern Illinois, I feel that an even smaller school deserves mention. Cheyney (Pa.) State College with an enrollment of about 1,500 has a combined record of 53-0 over the past two regular seasons and is currently 15-0 this year. While taking nothing away from SIU, I am sure they would more than have their hands full, should they meet Cheyney in the upcoming NCAA small-college tournament.

JIM BUCHANAN

Wilmington, Del.

## SUPER ENDING

Sirs:

Bravo! A nice photographic job on the Super Bowl (Jan. 23). It was so nice, in fact, that my roommate's girl was able to spot him in the crowd (*Pages 10 and 11*). He was supposed to be visiting his cousin in San Diego.

We're calling it the Super Breakup.

Tom Liwas

Berkeley, Calif.

## PEN PALS

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate you on the fine article by Robert Boyle, *Fight On, Old Sny Sny U.* (Jan. 23). I deeply appreciated what the article had to say, because one of the fondest memories of my athletic career at St. Francis de Sales H.S. (Chicago) is of

continued



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We fixed everything that needed fixing and then some. When you're the seventh largest car-maker in the world, you don't just sit around wringing your hands.

In fact, if everything weren't absolutely A-1 now, do you think we'd be talking about it?

The February '67 issue of *Road Test Magazine*, for instance, a kind of consumer guide for car buyers, rates the Renault 10 ahead of all other imports in its class.

Unfortunately, the problem doesn't end with former owners. Some people who know nothing about our troubles of a few years back have also sworn off Renault.

Oh it's nothing personal, mind you. They simply hate all little foreign cars.

Typically, they've ridden around in a friend's little car. (Those people know who they are and they know what little cars we're talking about.)

So they're absolutely certain that any car for \$1647\* has to be a noisy, hard-riding little machine.

Anyway, with all the swearing going on for one reason or another, many people won't even test drive the Renault 10.

And that's a shame.

Because if ever there was a car to make all the swearing stop, it is the Renault 10.

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The Renault 10

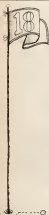
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**SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**

## 15TH HOLE

the day we played baseball against the Indiana State Prison at Michigan City inside the walls. Only one who has been there can truly appreciate what an athletic program can mean to the inmates.

That was the only time in my three varsity seasons that we played an away game and drew more cheers than the home team. The inmates really got behind us and made us feel right at home. They let us know their appreciation for a good show. When we hit four balls over the walls that day (I was fortunate enough to hit two of them), they gave each one of us a standing ovation. It was a thrill I'll never forget. I'm sorry I won't be around for the '67 game.

Incidentally, we won the game 8-4.

MIKE MCGUIRE

Chicago

Sirs:

Ski jump, horseshoes, bobbed run, bingo and, holy penal code, a golf course! I did it. I'm guilty. Take me.

JUL LADOUCEUR

Smithtown, N.Y.

Sirs:

In view of two features in your January 23 issue, *Break-and-buster Packers and Fight On, Old Sins Stay U.*, I would suggest that the next logical bowl game should involve the Pros and the Cons.

FRANK HART (POGO) SMITH

Nashville

## TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCE

Sirs:

I would like to say a few words regarding the NCAA decision involving the University of South Carolina (SCORECARD, Jan. 23). I can agree with the probation given the university on the basis of illegal financial aid given to football players under former head coach Marvin Biss. However, I can see no valid reason for Mike Grosso's being declared ineligible to play basketball. He did not make a high enough grade on his entrance examination to qualify for a scholarship. He is not on a scholarship. The NCAA said his expenses were being paid by a corporation upon which he was neither "naturally nor legally dependent." This corporation is operated by Grosso's uncle. What is unnatural or illegal about a boy's uncle paying his way through school? If Grosso has received no financial aid from the university and if his uncle is paying his way through school, then the NCAA has made an unreasonable decision.

It is ironic that Grosso can transfer to any number of schools eager to get him and receive a scholarship to play, but he cannot go to South Carolina as a student-athlete and play basketball.

W. D. CHINSELM JR.

Jacksonville Beach, Fla.

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Early that afternoon the people began to gather on the dusty baseball diamond by the Susquehanna River. Farm families, boisterous groups of teen-age boys, older men with leathery hands and sunburned foreheads, carloads of young children. The adults sat in the shade of riverbank trees and talked about the weather, the price of groceries and the harvest. The boys tore endlessly around the diamond on their bicycles, raising clouds of dust. Everyone was waiting for the moment when Tracy Barnes would again soar aloft in his wonderful hot-air balloon.

The big balloon was spread out across center field, sad and lumpy like a stricken circus tent. It was attached to a three-by-four-foot wicker basket that looked far too rickety for its mission. Strapped around the outside of the basket were eight tanks of propane fuel for the blowtorch that would heat the air in the balloon, causing it to expand and thus lift the balloon off the ground.

At last the balloonist emerged from his camper truck in a brown flight suit. He was lean and intense, and had about him an air of competence.

He got to work promptly. He put two large fans near the opening of the collapsed balloon. Two men held up the fabric as the fans began to blow air into the balloon, making it wriggle as it stretched, slowly, to its full 60-foot length. With the basket still lying on its side, Barnes climbed in and turned a valve. There was a sudden whoosh, and a huge burst of flame shot inside the undulating balloon. Dogs barked, bike riders dismounted and little children reached for their mothers' hands.

As the balloon, now shaped like a light bulb, quivered and strained, three men put their shoulders to the wicker basket and turned it upright. The balloonist fired another bolt of flame to warm the air still more. The crowd began to buzz then was suddenly silent. The balloon, bouncing softly on the turf, seemed to want to be off. Three pairs of hands held the basket down, while Barnes's quick eyes darted around and glanced upward, making a last-minute inspection. No one spoke. In the distance, somewhere off in another century, a motorboat churned on the Susquehanna. But, wait! Something was wrong. Barnes was getting out of the basket again. Would the balloon take off without him? No. He was back in the

basket in seconds, a spool of nylon thread in his hand. The crowd, reassured, began to hum again. Children strained at their mothers' arms, wanting to get closer but afraid to let go. A middle-aged man, his eyes glowing, turned to his wife and said, "Damn, he's really gonna do it."

"Hey, mister, goodbye," shouted a small boy. "Have a pleasant trip."

"It's just a lot of hot air," yelled someone else, looking around coyly to see if his friends got the joke.

At last, Barnes turned to the men holding the basket and nodded. They let go and stepped back. For an instant the balloon sat uncertainly on the ground, then gently, easily, it floated upward, joined the breeze and lifted into the southeast sky. The balloonist peered over his wicker perch, gave an abrupt wave and shouted goodbye. The little town of Wrightsville, Pa., smiling below, broke into applause.

In minutes Tracy Barnes was once again floating free—a speck in the sky; a gentle intrusion; a grand, bubbly vision; an object of wonder and awe—off on another leg of his strange, sad and uproarious adventure; coast to coast by hot-air balloon.

At one time or another during the airborne odyssey Tracy had crashed into a California mountain, been forced to bail out, caught fire on power lines, splashed awkwardly down in the Allegheny River, been lost for three days in the Rocky Mountains, spent weeks waiting for wrong-way winds to right themselves, interfered with the natural growth patterns of trees from the Grand Canyon to Nebraska and had irritated a phalanx of startled lawmen. Even the legendary Phileas Fogg might have quit under such setbacks, but Barnes had made up his mind that he was going to do it, and he did. Some 22 weeks after he first took off from Coronado, Calif., Tracy reported to the nation—whose indifference had been broken only by a swath of gaping mouths along his route—that he had finally gained the East Coast.

Young Barnes, 27, had been manufacturing sport balloons for a lonely minority of anachronistic adventurers for about five years when he got to thinking about how nice it would be to float clear across the country. Somehow he managed to persuade Lennox Industries, a maker of furnaces and air conditioners,

## Across the Land on Hot Air

**Balloonist Tracy Barnes called it the closest thing to bird's flight, but his bird kept failing to earth by DONALD JACKSON**

to bankroll the trip. It would take, he estimated, four-to-eight weeks. Why do it? For the challenge, of course, he would answer. For the promotion of his business. Because it hadn't been done before. But why, really? The question would always give him pause. "Flying a balloon," he would say slowly, "gives you a sensation you can't get any other way. You go so slow, you can come down over the treetops and talk to people. Did you ever dream that you could fly like Peter Pan, going in and out of the trees? It's like that. It's as close to being able to fly like a bird as you can get. You have an entirely different perspective. When I drift over a wooded area, with houses and streets mixed in, it's like rowing across a lake and looking down into the water. The sun's shining on the treetops and they look like the surface of a lake. You almost have to strain to see between the trees to the houses and people. On top everything's very bright, but underneath it's dark, and houses look like pebbles on the bottom of a lake."

Barnes's voyage began on April 9, 1966, when he turned up at the Del Coronado Hotel, a short ferry ride from San Diego, with a balloon named *Firefly 90*. Two men were assigned to pursue him in a jeep and camper truck. A well-dressed crowd, including a sulky beauty queen suffering from lack of attention, hustled out to the hotel's private beach to wave him off. A 10-year-old girl thrust a letter at him, addressed to "Elementary School, Atlantic Coast," with

*continued*

VIA BALLOON in big block letters on the envelope. Inside was a request for a pen pal. All was joy and optimism for miles around.

But not for long. Two days later came calamity No. 1. "I thought I'd give one of my crew a ride," says Tracy. "We had to get up to about 3,000 feet and over a small mountain just east of San Diego. But before we got to 2,000 feet a zipper at the top of the balloon worked loose. It was slowly letting more and more air out of the balloon. I figured we had to get back down, but I couldn't control the descent, because air was escaping faster than I could shoot it in. The balloon started to lose its shape, and we were starting down. I told Howard to put on his chute. He had never jumped before. We were coming down at about 500 feet a minute. Finally, at 1,500 feet, he jumped. But he closed his eyes and wrapped his arms around the chute, so the chute didn't open. The thought went through my mind, boink, he's had it. But finally about 100 feet above the ground the chute opened." A moment later Barnes himself jumped out, and both of them landed safely, within 50 yards of their balloon. The balloon itself was grounded two and a half weeks for repairs.

Tracy Barnes uses the "boink" to describe untoward happenings that befall him in his balloon. He would need it again and again.

Attempting to cross the Laguna Mountains in darkness, he remembers, "I went down to 4,000 feet and saw what appeared to be a desert with shrubs—brownish-gray splotchy areas. I couldn't tell how high above it I was. It turned out that the splotchy areas were boulders the size of houses.

"I came down lower and saw that I was moving faster than I thought I was. There was a wind rolling down from the peaks at about 30 mph. I got caught in it. Then I saw a huge mound of rocks coming up in front of me. I didn't have time to get over it. I had about 20 seconds to brace myself and shut off the valves. There was a terrific impact and a terrible scraping sound, and I felt that the wind was knocked out of me. But after the impact I realized I was still flying. The balloon went on up and over the peak and then got caught in swirling air on the other side. The gondola scraped up the side to the peak and smashed into the boulders again. It happened one

more time before the gondola finally wedged between boulders and I rolled out of it. I lay there and watched while the balloon took off again and went through this cycle two more times. It came right back toward me and smacked into the rocks a few feet away from me. It was an uncanny feeling, like one of those movies where a big dinosaur is coming down at you. Then the gondola broke up in the air, and I saw the pieces dropping down."

Barnes lay for 17 hours with a severely wrenched back before help arrived. He was lifted out by helicopter and taken to a hospital in San Diego. It was a month before he was airborne again.

About two months later, on his way across Arizona, Barnes discovered he had crossed the Grand Canyon at night and hadn't seen it. He waited for the wind to change again, doubled back and plopped down in the canyon. He was up again in 30 minutes and down again in 30 more, tangled—boink—in the branches of a ponderosa pine on the north rim of the canyon. Then the park rangers showed up. "They mainly wanted to make sure that we didn't drop any candy wrappers, drive off the road or cut down any trees," says Barnes. "But they finally let us cut the top 10 feet off of one tree so we could untangle the balloon." The balloonist did a quick patch job on *Firefly* 50, which was beginning to look more like *Beagle* 40, and pushed on. That night he came down in Green River, Utah. The night after that? Well, after that he got lost.

Crossing the Rockies, Tracy found a breeze so amiable that he just kept going, landing about 50 miles beyond his intended plopdown point and losing radio contact with his ground crew, far back along the mountain roads. Before the trip began Barnes and the crew had made a solemn covenant: if he became lost the crew would search for three days, then notify the local authorities. But the press learned of his disappearance and began harassing the sheriff in Craig, Colo., a stranger to the balloon world, with anxious inquiries.

The sheriff took it unkindly. "How do I know where they are?" he snorted. "Bunch of knotheads come flying in here with a balloon, not notifying anyone."

They found Barnes on the third day, idling in a mountain meadow near Walden, Colo., balloon intact. He had passed the time downing Nutrament, a liquid

food substitute, and munching the sunflower seeds he had brought along for just such an emergency.

On June 26 he drifted into Nebraska. Coming in for a landing just north of Broadwater, he spotted a tiny grove of trees looming uncertainly up on the great prairie. Good place to camp, he said to himself, and aimed *Firefly* 90 for a point just short of the trees. He turned the burner off, cooling the air in the balloon, and eased down lower, lower, until—boink—he snagged a dead branch. "It was the only grove of trees within 100 miles," the ill-starred aeronaut moped, "and I hit it."

Across the Midwest his progress was steady. Spalding, Nebraska. Holstein, Iowa. Gilmore City, Iowa. Marshalltown, Iowa. The towns fairly flew by beneath him. At Rock Island, Ill., he was reported as an unidentified flying object. Then came Milford, Ind.

*Firefly* 50 bounced down on the Bud Felkner farm outside of Milford at about 8 o'clock one morning. "Within 30 minutes a guy showed up wanting to sell tickets to see the balloon," Barnes says. "The proceeds were to go to the local American Legion Ladies' Auxiliary Chorus, which had just won the state competition. They needed \$500 to go to Washington for the national finals. I said, 'Why not?' So they charged 25¢ a person. By 9 o'clock people started to show up, and there was a girl selling tickets." By 4 that afternoon, when Barnes drifted up and out of their lives as cerily as he had enriched them, the ladies of Milford were \$80 closer to their goal.

He made it into Ohio on the next jump and into Pennsylvania on the one after that. Then, once again—boink.

"I couldn't find a place to come down," he recalls. "It was too hilly and wooded. I was running out of fuel, when finally I saw the Allegheny River coming up. It looked like the only safe place to land in miles." It wasn't.

He hit the river all right, to the astonishment of an assortment of boaters, fishermen and fish, but he also hit the Tarentum-New Kensington Bridge. "There was a guard rail on top of a foundation piling. The balloon snagged on a corner of the railing and tore. The gondola just sort of tipped over in the water and I swam out. Two guys in an outboard pulled me out."

But he was on the homestretch now.



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## Balloonist continued

By straining his nostrils he could almost smell the ocean. From Tarentum he sailed east to Allemans, claiming a hot-air-balloon altitude record of 28,585 feet along the way ("at that height," he informed the press, "you can't whistle").

*Firefly 90*, however, had one more boink in its kit, and it turned out to be its last. Coming down in a field west of Wrightsville, Pa., Barnes caught a down-draft and struck some power lines. The balloon bounced against the wires and caught fire. Ever calm, Barnes waited for the gondola to settle, then leaped out and began a frantic search for water. But, alas, the lines he had ripped were those which powered the water supply, and he could only stand in abject gloom while his faithful old red-and-white companion blazed away. "I felt so helpless. I was 100 miles from my destination, and I just had to watch it burn. At that point I was really afraid the whole thing was over with."

But a day later his resolution shored up again, he sent to South Carolina for a replacement—*Big White* by name—and in the colorless substitute he glided off from the Wrightsville ball park five days later. The Wrightsville flight took him to Elkton, Md., and on the next morning, Sept. 11, he floated over Delaware Bay and came down on the western edge of the Cape May Peninsula in New Jersey.

Victory at last! Or was it? Not quite. Barnes had come down five miles short of the Atlantic, because he had promised a San Diego television station that he would call before his final flight. He planned to cover the last five miles, with suitable fanfare, that afternoon. But by that afternoon the winds had switched to the west, and the weather bureau said they might stay that way a week. Deflation. Desolation. Misery.

Barnes clumped back to his motel room and found a small group of reporters awaiting him. He gave them the news, sank into a chair and glared angrily at the sky. He was out of time (he was due at an air show in San Diego) and low on money (his sponsor had pulled out a month earlier). He was also very tired.

"I'm on the Cape May Peninsula," he said at last. "I'm on the East Coast. It's not exactly ending as I visualized it. I expected to get wet. But I've made a coast-to-coast flight. I've done what I set out to do."

END

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